THE FAITHFULL SHEPHERDESSE.

ACTED AT SOMERSET Houſe, before the KING and QUEEN on Twelf night laſt, 1633.

And divers times ſince, with great applauſe, at the Private Houſe in Black-Friers, by his Majeſties Servants.

Written by JOHN FLETCHER.

The Fourth Edition.

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To my friend Maſter Iohn Fletcher *upon his faithfull Shepherdeſſe.*

I Know too well, that, no more then the man
That travells through the burning Deſarts, can
When he is beaten with the raging Sunne,
Halfe ſmoother'd in the duſt, have power to runne
From a coole River, whi h himſelfe doth find,
Ere he be ſlack'd; no more can he whoſe mind
Joyes in the Muſes, hold from that delight,
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write:
Yet wiſh I thoſe whom I for friends have known,
To ſing their thoughts to no eares but their owne.
Why ſhould the man, whoſe wit neere had a ſtaine,
Upon the publick Stage preſent his vaine,
And make a thouſand men in judgment ſit,
To call in queſtion his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can underſtand the laws
Which they ſhould judge by, nor the parties cauſe?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his owne cenſure an explicite faith;
One company knowing they judgement lack,
Ground their beleefe on the next man in blacke:
Others on him that makes ſignes, and is mute,
Some like as he does in the faireſt fute,
He as his Miſtreſſe doth, and ſhe by chance:
Nor wants there thoſe, who as the Boy doth dance
Between the Acts, will cenſure the whole Play;
Some if the Waxe lights be not new that day;
But multitudes there are whoſe judgement goes
Headlong according to the Actors cloathes.
For this, theſe publick things and I, agree
So ill, that but to do a right for thee,
I had not beene perſwaded to have hurld
Theſe few, ill ſpoken lines, into the world,

Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,
Whose very reading makes Verse senseless Prose:
Such as must spend above an houre, to spell
A Challenge on a Post, to know it well:
But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and Art adorn'd.
Besides one vantage more in this I see,
Your censurers now must have the qualitie
Of reading, which I am affraid is more
Then halfe your shrewdest Judges had before.

Fr. Beaumont.

To my loved friend Mr. *John Fletcher*, on his Pastorall.

CAn my approvement (Sir) be worth your thanks?
Whose unknown name, and muse (in swathing clouts),
Is not yet growne to strength, among these ranks
To have a roome, and beare off the sharpe flouts
Of this our pregnant age, that does dispise
All innocent verse that lets alone her vice?

But I must justifie what privately
I censured to you: my ambition is
(Even by my hopes and love to Poesie),
To live to perfect such a worke as this,
Clad in such elegant proprietie
Of words including a moralitie.

So sweet and profitable, though each man that hears,
(And learning has enough to clap and hisse)
Arrives not to't; so misty it appeares,
And to their filmed reasons, so amisse:
But let Art looke in truth, she like a mirror,
Reflects her consort. Ignorances terror

Sets.

Sits in her owne brow, being made afraid
Of her unnaturall complexion,
As ugly Women (when they are araid
By glasses) loath their true reflection?
Then how can such opinions injure thee,
That tremble at their owne deformitie?

Opinion, that great foole, makes fooles of all,
And (once) I fear'd her, till I met a mind
Whose grave instructions Philosophicall,
To's'd it like dust upon a March strong wind:
He shall for ever my example be,
And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

His soule (and such commend this) that commands
Such Art, it should me better satisfie,
Then if the monster clapt his thousand hands
And drown'd the Scene with his confused cry;
And if doubts rise, loe their own names to clear 'em,
Whilst I am happy, but to stand so neer 'em.

Nath. Field.

To the worthy Author Mr Jo. Fletcher.

THe wise, and many headed *Bench*, that sits
Upon the Life, and Death of *Playes*, and *Wits*,
(Compos'd of *Gamster*, *Captain*, *Knight*, *Knight's man*,
Lady, or *Punke*, that weares maske or fan,
Velvet, or *Taffata* cap, rank'd in the darke
With the shops *Foreman*, or some such *brave spark*,
That may judge for his *six-pence*) had, before
They saw it halfe, damnd thy whole Play, and more,
Their motives were, since it had not to doe
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad, thy Innocence was thy Guilt,
And wish that all the *Muses* blood were spilt
In such a *Martyrdome*, to vexe their eyes,
Do crowne thy murdred *Poeme*: which shall rise
A glorified worke to Time, when Fire,
Or moches shall eate, what all these Fooles admire.

Ben. Jonson.

To his loving Friend M^r. Jo. Fletcher.

THere are no ſureties (good friend) will be taken
For workes that vulgar good-name hath for ſaken.
A Poeme and a Play too! why tis like
A Scholer that's a Poet: their names ſtrike
Their peſtilence inward, when they take the ayre,
And kill out right: one cannot both fates beare.
But, as a Poet that's no Scholer, makes
Vulgarity his Whiffler, and ſo takes
Paſſage with eaſe, and ſtate through both ſides preaſe
Of pageant-ſeers: or as ſcholers pleaſe
That are no Poets, more then Poets learn'd,
Since their Art ſolely is by ſoules diſcern'd;
The others fall within the common ſenſe,
And ſhed (like common light) her influence:
So, were your Play no poeme, but a thing
That every Cobler to his patch might ſing,
A rout of raſſes (like the multitude)
With no one limbe of any Art endude,
Like would to like, and praiſe you: but becauſe,
Your Poeme onely hath by us applauſe,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy lawes of homely Paſtorall,
Where flowrs, and founts, and nymphs, and ſemy gods,
And all the Graces finde their old abodes;
Where forreſts flouriſh but in endleſſe Verſe,
And meadowes, nothing fit for purchaſers,
This Iron age that eates it ſelfe, will never
Bite at your golden world, that others, ever
Lov'd as it ſelfe: then like your Booke doe you
Live in old Peace: and that for praiſe allow.

G. CHAPMAN.

Unto his worthy Friend Mr. JOSEPH TAYLOR,

upon his preſentment of the Faithfull Shepherdeſſe *before the King and Queene, at White-hall, on Twelfth night laſt.* 1633.

WHen this ſmooth Paſtorall was firſt brought forth,
The Age twas borne in, did not know it's worth.
Since by thy coſt, and induſtry reviv'd,
It hath new fame, and new birth atchiev'd.
Happy in that ſhee found in her diſtreſſe,
A friend, as faithfull, as her Shepherdeſſe.
For having cur'd her from her courſer rents,
And deckt her new with freſh habiliments,
Thou brought'ſt her to the Court, and made her be
A fitting ſpectacle for Majeſtie.
So have I ſeene a clouded beauty dreſt
In a rich veſture, ſhine above the reſt.
Yet did it not receive more honour from
The glorious pompe, then thine owne action.
Expect no ſatisfaction for the ſame,
Poets can render no reward but Fame.
Yet this Ile propheſie, when thou ſhalt come
Into the confines of *Elyſium*
Amidſt the Quire of Muſes, and the liſts
Of famous actors, and quicke Dramatiſts,
So much admir'd for geſture, and for wit,
That there on Seats of living Marble ſit,
The bleſſed Conſort of that numerous Train,
Shall riſe with an applauſe and entertain
Thy happy welcome, cauſing thee ſit downe,
And with a Lawrel-wreath thy temples crowne.
And mean time, while this Poeme ſhall be read,
Taylor, thy name ſhall be eternized.
For it is juſt, that thou, who firſt did'ſt give
Unto this booke a life, by it ſhouldſt live.

SHACK. MARMYON.

This Dialogue newly addeed, was ſpoken by way of Prologue to both their Majeſties, at the firſt acting of this Paſtorall at *Somerſet-houſe* on Twelf-night, 1633.

Prieſt

A Broyling Lambe on Pans chiefe Altar lies,
My Wreath, my Cenſor, Virge, and Incenſe by:
But I delay'd the pretious Sacrifice,
To ſhew thee here, a gentle Deity.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy ſacred Summons ſlow,
Hither u came as ſwift as th' Eagles wing,
Or threatning ſhaft from vext Dianaes *bow,*
To ſee this Iſlands God; the worlds beſt King.

Prieſt.

Bleſſe then that Queene, that doth his eyes invite
And eares, t' obey her Scepter, halfe this night.

Nymph.

Let's ſing ſuch welcomes, as ſhall make Her ſway
Seeme eaſie to Him, though it laſt till day.

Welcome as Peace t' unwalled Cities, when
Famine & Sword leave them more graves then men.
As Spring to Birds, or Noon-dayes Sun to th' old
Poore mountayne Muſcovite congeald with cold.
As Shore to'th Pilote in a ſafe knowne Coaſt
When's Card is broken and his Rudder loſt:

The

THE FAITHFULL SHEPHERDESSE.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Clorin *a Shepherdesse, having buried her Love in an Arbour.*

HAile, holy earth, whose cold armes do imbrace
the truest man that ever fed his flocks
by the fat plains of fruitful *Thessaly*,
thus I salute thy grave, thus do I pay
my early vows, and tribute of mine eyes
to thy still loved ashes; thus I free
my self from all insuing heats and fires
of love: all sports, delights and jolly games
that Shepherds hold full deare, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
with youthfull coronals, and lead the dance;
no more the company of fresh faire maids
and wanton shepherds be to me delightfull,
nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
under some shady dell, when the coole winde
playes on the leaves: all be farre away,
since thou art farre away; by whose deare side
how often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
for summers Queen, whil'st every shepherds boy
puts on his lusty greene, with gaudy hooke,
and hanging scrip of finest cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
and all are dead but thy dear memorie;
that shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.

And here will I in honour of thy love,
dwell by thy grave, forgetting all thoſe joyes,
that former times made precious to mine eyes,
onely remembring what my youth did gaine
in the dark, hidden vertuous uſe of herbs:
that will I practiſe, and as freely give
all my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
in men or cattell, be they ſtung with ſnakes,
or charm'd with powerfull words of wicked art,
or be they love-ſicke, or through too much heat
growne wilde or lunatick, their eyes or eares
thickned with miſty filme of dulling rheume,
theſe I can cure, ſuch ſecret vertue lies
in herbs applyed by a virgins hand:
my meat ſhall be what theſe wilde woods offord,
berries, and cheſnuts, plantanes, on whoſe cheeks
the ſun ſits ſmiling, and the lofty fruit
pul'd from the fair head of the ſtraight grown pine;
on theſe Ile feed with free content, and reſt,
when night ſhall blind the world, by thy ſide bleſt.

Enter a Satyre.

Saty. Through yon ſame bending plaine
That flings his armes downe to the maine,
And through theſe thicke woods have I run
Whoſe bottom never kiſt the Sun
Since the luſty Spring began,
All to pleaſe my maſter *Pan*,
Have I trotted without reſt
To get him fruit; for at a feaſt
He entertaines this coming night
His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright:
But behold a faire ſight! *He ſtands amazed.*
By that heavenly forme of thine,
Brighteſt faire thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortall race
Of the gods: for in thy face
Shines more awfull maieſty,

Then

Then dull weake mortalitie
Dare with miſty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mould,
Lowly doe I bend my knee,
In worſhip of thy deity;
Deign it goddeſſe from my hand,
To receive what ere this land
From her fertile wombe doth ſend
Of her choice fruits: and but lend
Beliefe to that the Satyre tels,
Fairer by the famous wels,
To this preſent day nere grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes whoſe luſty blood
Is the learned poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crowne
The head of *Bacchus*, nuts more browne
Then the Squirrils teeth that cracke them;
Deign O faireſt faire to take them.
For theſe black ey'd *Driope*
Hath oftentimes commanded me,
With my claſped knee to clime;
See how well the luſty time
Hath deckt their riſing cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is ſpred,
Here be berries for a Queene,
Some be red, ſome be greene,
Theſe are of that luſcious meat,
The great god *Pan* himſelfe doth eate:
All theſe, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountaine or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more ſweet and ſtrong;
Till when humbly leave I take,
Leſt the great *Pan* doe awake,
That ſleeping lies in a deepe glade,
Under a broad Beeches ſhade:
I muſt goe, I muſt run
Swifter then the fiery Sun. *Exit.*

Clorin. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatneſſe or what private hidden power,
is there in me to draw ſubmiſſion
from this rude man, and beaſt? ſure I am mortall:
the daughter of a Shepherd, he was mortall:
and ſhe that bore me mortall: pricke my hand
and it will bleed: a feaver ſhakes me,
and the ſelf ſame wind that makes the young lambs ſhrink,
makes me acold: my fear ſayes I am mortall:
yet I have heard (my mother told it me)
and now I doe beleeve it, if I keepe
my virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaſte, and faire,
no Goblin, wood-god, fairy, Elfe, or Fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
ſhall hurt my body, or by vaine illuſion
draw me to wander after idle fires,
or voyces calling me in dead of night,
to make me follow, and ſo tole me on
through mire and ſtanding pools, to find my ruine:
elſe why ſhould this rough thing, who never knew
manners, nor ſmooth humanity, whoſe heats
are rougher then himſelfe, and more miſhapen,
thus mildely kneele to me? ſure there is a power
in that great name of virgin, that binds faſt
all rude uncivill bloods, all appetites
that breake their confines: then ſtrong chaſtity,
be thou my ſtrongeſt guard, for heare I le dwell
in oppoſition againſt Fate and Hell.

Enter an old Shepherd, with foure couple of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy feſtivall
in honour of our great god, and his rights
perform'd, prepare your ſelves for chaſte
and uncorrupted fires: that as the prieſt,
with powerfull hand ſhall ſprinkle on your Browes
his pure and holy water, yee may be
from all hot flames of luſt, and looſe thoughts free.
Kneel Shepherds kneel, here coms the prieſt of *Pan.*

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Shepherds, thus I purge away,

what

whatsoever this great day,
or the past hours gave not good,
to corrupt your mayden blood:
from the high rebellious heat
of the grapes, and strength of meat;
from the wanton quick desires,
they doe kindle by their fires,
I doe wash you with this water,
bee you pure and faire hereafter.
From your liver and your veines,
thus I take away the staines.
All your thoughts be smooth and faire,
bee ye fresh and free as ayre.
Never more let luftfull heat
through your purged conduits beat,
or a plighted troth be broken,
or a wanton verse bee spoken
in a Shepherdesses eare;
goe your wayes, ye are all cleare.

They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

The Song.

Sing his prayses that doth keepe
Our Flocks from harme,
Pan the Father of our sheepe,
And arme in arme
Tread wee softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fils the musicke with her sound,

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus doe wee sing:
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever bee thy honour spoke,
From that place the morne is broke,
To that place Day doth unyoke.

Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

Peri. Stay gentle *Amoret*, thou fair brow'd mayd,
thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee deere,

equall

equall with his soules good.

Amo. Speak; I give
thee freedome Shepherd, and thy tongue be still
the same it ever was; as free from ill,
as he whose conversation never knew
the Court or Citie: be thou ever true.

Peri. when I fall off from my affection,
or mingle my cleane thoughts with foule desires,
first let our great god cease to keepe my flocks,
that being left alone without a guard,
the wolfe, or winters rage, Summers great heat,
and want of water, rots, or what to us
of ill is yet unknowne, full speedily,
and in their generall ruine let me feel.

Amo. I pray thee gentle Shepherd wish not so,
I doe beleeve thee: tis as hard for me
to thinke thee false, and harder than for thee
to hold me foule. *Peri.* O you are fairer farre
then the chaste blushing morne, or that fair starre
that guides the wandring seaman thorow the deep,
Straighter than straighteſt pine upon the steep
head of an aged mountaine, and more white
than the new milke we strip before day light
from the full fraighted bags of our faire flocks:
your haire more beautious than those hanging locks
of young *Apollo.*

Amo. Shepherd bee not lost,
y'are saild too farre already from the coast
of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
those many passions, vowes, and holy oathes,
I 've sent to heaven? did you not give your hand,
even that fair hand in hostage? Doe not then
give backe againe those sweets to other men,
you your selfe vowd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so farre as maydens modestie
may give assurance, I am once more thine,
once more I give my hand; be ever free
from that great foe to faith, foule jealousie.

Peri.

Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire
for stronger confirmation of our love,
to meet this happy night in that faire grove,
where all true shepherds have rewarded been
for their long service: say sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
a doubt of what the silent night may doe,
coupled with this dayes heat to move your bloud:
maids must be fearfull; sure you have not been
wash'd white enough; for yet I see a stain
sticke in your liver, goe and purge againe.

Peri. O doe not wrong my honest simple truth,
my selfe and my affections are as pure
as those chaste flames that burne before the shrine
of the great *Dian*: onely my intent
to draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
with enterchange of mutuall chaste imbraces,
and ceremonious tying of our selves:
for to that holy wood is consecrate
a vertuous well, about whose flowry banks,
the nimble-footed fairies daunce their rounds,
by the pale moone-shine, dipping oftentimes
their stolen children, so to make them free
from dying flesh, and dull mortalitie;
by this faire fount hath many a shepherd sworne,
and given away his freedome, many a troth
been plight, which neither envie, nor old time
could ever breake, with many a chaste kisse given,
in hope of coming happinesse; by this
fresh fountaine many a blushing maide
hath crown'd the head of her long loved shepherd
with gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Layes of his love and dear captivitie;
there growes all herbs fit to cool loosser flames
our sensuall parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
and quenching by their power those hidden sparks
that else would breake out, and provoke our sense
to open fires, so vertuous is that place:
then gentle Shepherdesse beleeve and grant,
in troth it fits not with that face to scant

your

your faithfull Shepherd of those chaste desires
he ever aymd at, and ——

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd, farewel, this coming night
shall crown thy chast hopes with long wish'd delight.

Peri. Our great god *Pan* reward thee for that good
thou hast given thy poore Shepherd: faireſt bud
of mayden vertues, when I leave to be
the true admirer of thy chastitie,
let me deserve the hot polluted name
of the wild woodman, or affect some dame,
whose often prostitution hath begot
more foule diseases, then ever yet the hot
sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog
pursues the raging lyon, throwing fog
and deadly vapour from his angry breath,
filling the lower world with plague and death. *Exit Amo.*

Enter Amarillis.

Amaril. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
what I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair mayd, you may.

Amar. Then softly thus, I love thee *Perigot*,
and would be gladder to be lov'd againe,
then the cold earth is in his frozen armes
to clip the wanton spring: nay doe not start,
nor wonder that I woe thee! thou that art
the prime of our young grooms, even the top
of all our lustie shepherds: what dull eye
that never was acquainted with desire,
hath seene thee wrastle, run, or cast the stone,
with nimble strength and faire delivery,
and hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veines?
who ever heard thee sing, that brought againe
that freedome back was lent unto thy voyce?
Then doe not blame me (Shepherd) if I be
one to be numbred in this company,
since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Faire Shepherdesse, much pitie I can lend

to your complaints: but ſure I ſhall not love:
all that is mine, my ſelfe and my beſt hopes,
are given already: doe not love him then
that cannot love againe: on other men
beſtow thoſe heates more free, that may returne
you fire for fire, and in one flame equall burne.

Amaril. Shall I rewarded be ſo ſlenderly
for my affection, moſt unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art
to give another nature to my cheeks,
or were I common Miſtreſſe to the love
of every ſwaine, or could I with ſuch eaſe
call back my love, as many a wanton doth,
thou mightſt refuſe me, Shepherd; but to thee
I am only fixt and ſet, let it not be
a ſport, thou gentle Shepherd, to abuſe
the love of ſilly maid.

Peri. Fair ſoul, ye uſe
theſe words to little end: for know, I may
better call back that time was yeſterday,
or ſtay the coming night, then bring my love
home to my ſelfe againe, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delayes,
this preſent night I have appointed beene,
to meete that chaſte faire (that injoyes my ſoule)
in yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chooſe again,
theſe neighbouring plains have many a comely ſwaine,
freſher and freer farre then I ere was,
beſtow that love on them, and let me paſſe.
Farewell, be happy in a better choiſe. *Exit.*

Amaril. Cruell, thou haſt ſtruck me deader with thy voice
then if the angry heavens with their quick flames
had ſhot me through: I muſt not leave to love,
I cannot, no I muſt enjoy thee boy,
though the great dangers twixt my hopes and that
be infinite: There is a Shepherd dwels
downe by the Moor, whoſe life hath ever ſhown
more ſullen diſcontent then *Saturns* brow,
when he ſits frowning on the births of men:

One, that doth weare himselfe away in loneneſſe,
and never joyes unleſſe it be in breaking
the holy plighted troths of mutuall ſoules:
one that luſts after every ſeverall beauty,
but never yet was knowne to love or like,
were the face fairer or more full of truth,
than *Phœbe* in her fulneſſe, or the youth
of ſmooth *Lyæus*; whoſe nigh ſtarved flocks
are alwayes ſcabby, and infect all ſheep
they feed withal; whoſe lambs are ever laſt,
and die before their waining, and whoſe dog
lookes like his Maſter, leane, and full of ſcurf,
not caring for the pipe or whiſtle: this man may
(if he be well wrought) do a deed of wonder,
forcing me paſſage to my long deſires:
and here he comes, as fitly to my purpoſe
as my quick thoughts could wiſh for. *Enter Shepherd.*

Sher. Freſh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
thus to be partner of your loneneſſe: t'was
my love (that ever working paſſion) drew
me to this place to ſeek ſome remedy
for my ſick ſoule: be not unkind and faire,
for ſuch the mighty *Cupid* in his doom
hath ſworne to be aveng'd on; then give room
to my conſuming fires, that ſo I may
injoy my long deſires, and ſo allay
thoſe flames, that elſe would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but ſure thy heart were ſound
as thy words ſeem to be, meanes might be found
to cure thee of thy long paines: for to me
that heavie youth-conſuming miſery,
the love-ſick ſoule endures, never was pleaſing;
I could be well-content with the quick eaſing
of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
thy faith and farther ſervice to be ſure.

Sull Name but that great work, danger, or what can
be compaſt by the wit or Art of man,
and if I faile in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the riſing day.

Amar. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd; this ſame night,

that

that now comes ſtealing on, a gentle paire
have promis'd equall love and doe appoint
to make yon wood the place where hands & hearts
are to be ty'd for ever: breake their meeting
and their ſtrong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Tell me their names, and if I doe not move
(by my great power) the center of their love
from his fixt being, let me never more
warme me by thoſe faire eyes I thus adore.

Amor. Come, as we go, Ile tel thee what they are,
and give thee fit directions for thy work. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus
after this holy feaſt I paſſe unknowne
and unſaluted? t'was not wont to be
thus frozen with the younger company
of jolly Shepherds: t'was not then held good,
for luſty groomes to mixe their quicker blood
with that dull humour, moſt unfit to be
the friend of man, cold and dull chaſtitie.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
or elſe not free enough, or from my fold
drive not a flocke ſufficient great to gaine
the greedy eyes of wealth-alluring ſwain:
yet if I may believe what others ſay,
my face has ſoyle enough, nor can they lay
juſtly too ſtrict a coyneſſe to my charge;
my flocks are many, and the downes as large
they feed upon: then let it ever be
their coldneſſe, not my virgin modeſty
makes me complaine. *Enter Thenot*

The. Was ever man but I
thus truely taken with uncertainty?
where ſhall that man be found that loves a mind
made up in conſtancie, and dares not finde
his love rewarded? here, let all men know,
a wretch that lives to love his Miſtreſſe ſo.

Clo. Shepherd, I pray thee ſtay, where haſt thou been,
or whither goeſt thou? here be woods as greene
as any, ayre likewiſe as freſh and ſweet,

as where ſmooth *Zephirus* playes on the fleet
face of the curled ſtreames, with flowers as many
as the young ſpring gives, and as choyce as any;
here be all new delights, coole ſtreames and wels,
arbours ore-grown with woodbinds, caves, and dels,
chuſe where thou wilt, whilſt I ſit by and ſing,
or gather ruſhes, to make many a ring
for thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
how the pale *Phœbe* hunting in a grove,
firſt ſaw the boy *Endimion*, from whoſe eyes,
ſhe tooke eternall fire that never dyes;
how ſhe convey'd him ſoftly in a ſleepe,
his temples bound with poppy to the ſteepe
head of old *Latmus*, where ſhe ſtoopes each night,
gilding the mountaine with her brothers light,
to kiſſe her ſweeteſt. *The.* Farre from me are theſe
hot flaſhes bred, from wanton heat and eaſe;
I have forgot what love and loving meant:
Rimes, Songs, and merry rounds, that oft are ſent
to the ſoft eare of Mayds, are ſtrange to me:
onely I live t' admire a chaſtitie,
that neither pleaſing age, ſmooth tongue, or gold,
could ever breake upon, ſo ſure the mold
Is that her mind was caſt in; 'tis to her
I onely am reſerv'd; ſhe is my forme I ſtirre
by, breath and move, 'tis ſhe and onely ſhe
can make me happy, or give miſery.

Clo. Good Shepherd, may a ſtranger crave to know
to whom this deare obſervance you doe owe?

The. You may, and by her vertue learn to ſquare
and levell out your life: for to be fair
and nothing vertuous, onely fits the eye
of gaudy youth, and ſwelling vanitie.
Then know, ſhee's calld the virgin of the grove,
She that hath long ſince buried her chaſte love,
and now lives by his grave, for whoſe deare ſoule
ſhe hath vowd her ſelfe into the holy role
of ſtrict virginitie; 'tis her I ſo admire,
not any looſer blood or new deſire.

Cloe. Farewell poore ſwaine, thou art not for my bend,

I muſt

I muſt have quicker ſoules, whoſe words may tend
to ſome free action: give me him dare love
at firſt encounter, and as ſoone dare prove.

The Song.

Come Shepherds come,
Come away without delay
Whilſt the gentle time doth ſtay.
Greene woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any,
Thoſe deare kiſſes, and thoſe many
Sweet imbraces that are given,
Dainty pleaſures that would even
Raiſe in coldeſt age a fire,
And give virgin blood deſire.
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it,
Thinke not I,
Dare deny,
If you crave it. *Enter Daphnis.*

Here comes another: better be my ſpeed,
thou god of blood. But certain, if I read
not falſe, this is that modeſt Shepherd, he
that onely dare ſalute, but nere could be
brought to kiſſe any, hold diſcourſe, or ſing,
whiſper, or boldly aske that wiſhed thing
we all are borne for; one that makes loving faces,
and could be well content to covet graces,
were they not got by boldneſſe; in this thing
my hopes are frozen; and but fate doth bring
him hither, I would ſooner chooſe
a man made out of ſnow, and freer uſe
an eunuch to my ends: but ſince he's here,
thus I attempt him. Thou of men moſt deare,
welcome to her, that onely for thy ſake,
hath beene content to live: here boldly take
my hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
was given away to any: and but ſit
downe on this ruſhy bank, whilſt I goe pull
freſh bloſſomes from the boughs, or quickly cull

the

the choiſeſt delicates from yonder meade,
to make thee chaines or chaplets, or to ſpread
under our fainting bodies, when delight
ſhall lock up all our ſenſes. How the ſight
of thoſe ſmooth riſing cheeks renew the ſtory
of young *Adonis*, when in pride and glory
he lay infolded twixt the beating armes
of willing *Venus*: me thinkes ſtronger charmes
dwell in thoſe ſpeaking eyes, and on that brow
more ſweetneſſe than the painters can allow
to their beſt peeces: not *Narciſſus*, he
that wept himſelfe away in memory
of his own beauty, nor *Silvanus* boy,
nor the twice raviſht maid, for whom old Troy
fell by the hand of *Pyrrhus*, may to thee
be otherwiſe compar'd, then ſome dead tree
to a young fruitfull olive. *Daph.* I can love,
but I am loath to ſay ſo, leſt I prove
too ſoone unhappy.

Cloe, Happy thou wouldſt ſay.
My deareſt *Daphnis*, bluſh not, if the day
to thee and thy ſoft heats be enemy,
then take the coming night; faire youth, tis free
to all the world, ſhepherd Ile meet thee then
when darkeneſſe hath ſhut up the eyes of men,
in yonder grove: ſpeak, ſhall our meeting hold?
Indeed ye are too baſhfull, be more bold,
and tell me I. *Daph.* I'm content to ſay ſo,
and would be glad to meet, might I but pray ſo
much from your faireneſſe, that you would be true.

Cloe. Shepherd, thou haſt thy wiſh.

Daph. Freſh maid, adieu:
yet one word more, ſince you have drawne me on
to come this night, feare not to meet alone
that man that will not offer to be ill,
though your bright ſelfe would ask it, for his fill
of this worlds goodneſſe: doe not feare him then,
but keepe your pointed time; let other men
ſet up their bloods to ſale, mine ſhall be ever,
faire as the ſoule it carries, and unchaſt never. *Exit*

Cloe, Yet

Clor. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not ſtrange, among ſo many a ſcore
of luſty bloods, I ſhould pick out theſe things
whoſe veins like a dull river farre from ſprings,
is ſtill the ſame, ſlow, heavie, and unfit
for ſtream or motion, though the ſtrong winds hit
with their continuall power upon his ſides?
O happy be your names that have beene brides,
and taſted thoſe rare ſweetes for which I pine:
and farre more heavie be thy griefe and time,
thou lazie ſwaine, that maiſt relieve my needs,
then his, upon whoſe liver alwayes feeds
a hungry vulcure. *Enter Alexis.*

Alex. Can ſuch beauty be
ſafe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
of him that paſſeth on, to greedy gaze,
or covetous deſire, whilſt in a maze
the better part contemplates, giving reine
and wiſhed freedome to the labouring veine?
Faireſt and whiteſt, may I crave to know
the cauſe of your retirement, why ye goe
thus all alone? me thinkes the downes are ſweeter,
and the young company of ſwaines far meeter,
then thoſe forſaken and untroden places.
Give not your ſelf to loneneſſe, and thoſe graces
hid from the eyes of men, that were intended
to live amongſt us ſwaines.

Clor. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd, in all my life I have not ſeene
a man in whom greater contents have been,
then thou thy ſelfe art: I could tell thee more,
were there but any hope left to reſtore
my freedome loſt. O lend me all thy red,
thou ſhamefaſt morning, when from *Tithons* bed
thou riſeſt ever maiden. *Alex.* If for me,
thou ſweeteſt of all ſweets, theſe flaſhes be,
Speak and be ſatisfied. O guide her tongue,
my better angel; force my name among
her modeſt thoughts, that the firſt word may be —

Clor. Alexis, when the ſunne ſhall kiſſe the ſea,

taking

taking his reſt by the white *Thetis* ſide,
meet in the holy wood, where Ile abide
thy coming Shepherd. *Alex.* If I ſtay behind,
an everlaſting dulneſſe, and the wind,
that as he paſſeth by ſhuts up the ſtreame
of *Rhine* or *Volga*, whilſt the ſunnes hot beame
beats backe again, ſeaſe me, and let me turne
to coldneſſe more than yce: oh how I burne
and riſe in youth and fire! I dare not ſtay.

Cloe. My name ſhall be your word.

Alex. Fly, fly thou day. *Exit.*

Cloe. My griefe is great if both theſe boyes ſhould faile:
he that will uſe all winds muſt ſhift his ſaile. *Exit.*

Actus ſecundus, Scena prima.

Enter an old Shepherd with a bell ringing, and the Prieſt of Pan following.

Prieſt. Shepherds all, and maidens faire,
fold your flocks up, for the Aire
gins to thicken, and the ſunne
already his great courſe hath runne.
See the dew-drops how they kiſſe
every little flower that is:
hanging on their velvet heads,
like a rope of chriſtall beades.
See the heavie clouds low falling,
and bright *Heſperus* downe calling,
the dead night from under ground,
at whoſe riſing miſts unſound,
damps, and vapours fly apace,
hovering ore the wanton face
of theſe paſtures, where they come,
ſtriking dead both bud and bloome;
therefore from ſuch danger locke
every one his loved flocke,
and let your dogs lye looſe without,
leſt the Wolfe come as a ſcout
from the mountaine, and ere day

beare

beare a Lambe or kid away,
or the crafty theeviſh Foxe,
breake upon your ſimple flocks:
to ſecure your ſelves from theſe,
be not too ſecure in eaſe;
let one eye his watches keep,
whilſt the tother eye doth ſleepe;
ſo you ſhall good Shepherds prove,
and for ever hold the love
of our great god. Sweeteſt ſlumbers
and ſoft ſilence fall in numbers
on your eye-lids: ſo fare well,
thus I end my evenings knell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin the Shepherdeſſe ſorting of herbs. and telling the natures of them.

Now let me know what my beſt Art hath done,
helpt by the great power of the vertuous moone
in her full light; O you ſonnes of earth,
you onely brood, unto whoſe happy birth
vertue was given, holding more of nature
then man her firſt born and moſt perfect creature,
let me adore you; you that onely can
helpe or kill nature, drawing out that ſpan
of life and breath even to the end of time;
you that theſe hands did crop, long before prime
of day; give me your names, and next your hidden power.
This is the *Clote* bearing a vellow flower,
and this blacke Horehound, both are very good
for ſheepe or Shepherd, bitten by a wood-
dogs venom'd tooth; theſe Ramuns branches are,
which ſtucke in entries, or about the barre
that holds the doore faſt, kill all inchantments, charmes,
were they *Medeas* verſes that doe harmes
to men or cattell; theſe for frenzy be
a ſpeedy and a ſoveraigne remedie,
the bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,
ſuch ſimpathy with mans good they doe hold;
this Tormentil, whoſe vertue is to part
all deadly killing poyſon from the heart;
and here *Narciſſus* roote, for ſwellings be:

yellow *Lecimacus*, to give sweet rest
to the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes
all busie gnats, and every flye that hummes:
for leprotie, Darnell, and Sellondine,
with Calamint, whose vertues doe refine
the blood of man, making it free and faire
as the first houre it breath'd, or the best aire.
Here other two, but your rebellious use
is not for me, whose goodnesse is abuse;
therefore foule Standergrasse, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful Turpentine,
you that intice the veines and stirre the heat
to civill mutiny, scaling the seate
our reason moves in, and deluding it
with dreames and wanton fancies, till the fit
of burning lust be quencht; by appetite,
robbing the soule of blessednesse and light:
and thou light *Varvin* too, thou must go after,
provoking easie souls to mirth and laughter;
no more shall I dip thee in water now,
and sprinkle every post, and every bough
with thy well pleasing juyce, to make the grooms
swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the Cabin where the best of all
her sexe, that ever breath'd, or ever shall
give heat or happinesse to the Shepherds side,
doth onely to her worthy selfe abide.
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
thou by whose power the darkenesse of sad night
is banisht from the earth, in whose dull place
thy chaster beames play on the heavy face
of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
to see how cunningly thou dost beguile
thy brother of his brightnesse, giving day
againe from *Chaos*, whiter then that way
that leads to *Joves* high Court, and chaster farre
then chastitie it self, yon blessed starre
that nightly shines: Thou, all the constancie
that in all women was, or ere shall be,

from

from whoſe faire eye balls flyes that holy fire,
that Poets ſtile the mother of deſire,
infuſing into every gentle breſt
a ſoule of greater price, and farre more bleſt
then that quicke power, which gives a difference,
twixt man and creatures of a lower ſenſe.

Clor. Shepherd, how Cam'ſt thou hither to this place?
no way is troden, all the verdant graſſe
the ſpring ſhot up, ſtands yet unbruiſed here
of any foot, onely the dapled Deer
farre from the feared ſound of crooked horne
dwels in this faſtneſſe. *Th.* Chaſter then the morn,
I have not wandred, or by ſtrong illuſion
into this vertuous place have made intruſion:
but hither am I come (beleeve me fair)
to ſeeke you out, of whoſe great good the air
is full, and ſtrongly labours, whilſt the ſound
breakes againſt heaven, and drives into a ſtound
the amazed Shepherd, that ſuch vertue can
be reſident in leſſer then a man.

Clor. if any art I have, or hidden skill
may cure thee of diſeaſe or feſtred ill,
whoſe griefe or greenneſſe to anothers eye
may ſeeme unpoſſible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it. *The.* 'Tis no pain
I ſuffer through diſeaſe, no beating veine
conveyes infection dangerous to the heart,
no part impoſtum'd to be cur'd by Art,
this body holds; and yet a feller griefe
then ever skilful hand did give relief
dwels on my ſoule, and may be heal'd by you,
faire beauteous virgin.

Clor. Then ſhepherd, let me ſue
to know thy griefe; that man yet never knew
the way to health, that durſt not ſhew his ſore.

Then. Then faireſt, know, I love you.

Clor. Swaine, no more,
thou haſt abuſ'd the ſtrictneſſe of this place,
and offred Sacrilegeous foule diſgrace
to the ſweet reſt of theſe interred bones,

for feare of whose aſcending, fly at once,
thou and thy idle paſſions, that the ſight
of death and ſpeedy vengeance may not fright
thy very ſoule with horror. *Then.* Let me not
(thou all perfection) merit ſuch a blot
for my true zealous faith. *Clor.* Dar'ſt thou abide
to ſee this holy earth at once divide
and give her body up? for ſure it will,
if thou purſu'ſt with wanton flames to fill
this hallowed place; therefore repent and goe,
whilſt I with praiſe appeaſe his Ghoſt below,
that elſe would tell thee what it were to be
a rivall in that vertuous love that he
Imbraces yet. *Then.* 'Tis not the white or red
inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
my mind to adoration; nor your eye,
though it be full and faire, your forehead high,
and ſmooth as *Peloys* ſhoulder; not the ſmile
lies watching in thoſe dimples to beguile
the eaſie ſoule, your hands and fingers long
with veines inameld richly, nor your tongue,
though it ſpoke ſweeter then *Arions* Harp,
your hair wove into many a curious warp,
able in endleſſe errour to infold
the wandring ſoule, nor the true perfect mould
of all your body, which as pure doth ſhow
in Maiden whiteneſſe as the Alpſien ſnow.
All theſe, were but your conſtancie away,
would pleaſe me leſſe, then a blacke ſtormy day
the wretched Seaman toyling through the deep.
But whilſt this honour'd ſtrictneſſe you dare keep,
though all the plagues that are begotten were
in the great womb of aire, were ſetled here,
in oppoſition, I would, like the tree,
ſhake off thoſe drops of weakeneſſe, and be free
even in the arm of danger. *Clor.* Wouldſt thou have
me raiſe again (fond man) from ſilent grave,
thoſe ſparkes that long agoe were buried here,
with my dead friends cold aſhes? *Then.* Deareſt deare,
I dare not aske it, nor you muſt not grant;

ſtand

ſtand ſtrongly to your vow, and doe not faint:
remember how he lov'd ye, and be ſtill
the ſame Opinion ſpeaks ye; let not will,
and that great god of women, appetite,
ſet up your blood againe; doe not invite
deſire and fancie from their long exile,
to ſet them once more in a pleaſing ſmile:
be like a rocke made firmely up 'gainſt all
the power of angry heaven, or the ſtrong fall
of *Neptunes* battery; if ye yeeld, I die
to all affection; tis that loyaltie
ye tie unto this grave I ſo admire;
and yet there's ſomething elſe I would deſire,
if you would hear me, but withall deny.
O *Pan*, what an uncertain deſtiny
hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,
for if I longer ſtay, this double fire
will lick my life up. *Clor.* Doe, let time weare out
what Art and Nature cannot bring about.

Then. Fare well thou ſoule of vertue, and be bleſt
for ever, whilſt that here I wretched reſt
thus to my ſelfe; yet grant me leave to dwell
in kenning of this Arbor; yon ſame dell
ore topt with mourning Cipreſſe and ſad Ewe
ſhall be my Cabin, where Ile early rew,
before the Sunne hath kiſt this dew away,
the hard uncertaine chance which Fate doth lay
upon this head. *Clor.* The gods give quick releaſe
and happy cure unto thy hard diſeaſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sullen. I doe not love this wench that I ſhould meet,
for ne'r did my unconſtant eye yet greet
that beauty, were it ſweeter or more faire,
then the new bloſſomes, when the morning ayre
blowes gently on them, or the breaking light,
when many maiden bluſhes to our ſight
ſhoot from his early face: were all theſe ſet
in ſome neat forme before me, 'twould not get
the leaſt love from me; ſome deſire it might,
or preſent burning: all to me in ſight

are equall, be they faire, or blacke, or browne,
virgin, or careleſſe wanton, I can crowne
my appetite with any; ſweare as oft,
and weepe, as any, melt my words as ſoft
into a maiden eares, and tell how long
my heart has been her ſervant, and how ſtrong
my paſſions are: call her unkind and cruell,
offer her all I have to gaine the Jewell
maidens ſo highly priſe: then loath, and fly:
this doe I hold a bleſſed deſtiny. *Enter Amarillis.*

Amar. Hail Shepherd, *Pan* bleſſe both thy flock and thee,
for being mindfull of thy word to me.

Sul. Welcome faire Shepherdeſſe, thy loving ſwain
gives thee the ſelfe ſame wiſhes backe againe,
who till this preſent houre nere knew that eye,
could make me croſſe mine arms, or daily dye
with freſh conſumings: boldly tell me then,
how ſhall we part their faithfull loves, and when?
ſhall I bely him to her, ſhall I ſweare
his faith is falſe, and he loves every where?
Ile ſay he mockt her th' other day to you,
which will by your confirming ſhew as true,
for he is of ſo pure an honeſty,
to think(becauſe he will not)none will lye:
or elſe to him Ile ſlander *Amoret*,
and ſay, ſhe but ſeems chaſte; Ile ſwear ſhe met
me 'mongſt the ſhady Sycamores laſt night,
and looſely offred up her flame and ſpright
into my boſome, made a wanton bed
of leaves and many flowers, where ſhe ſpread
her willing body to be preſt by me;
there have I carv'd her name on many a tree,
together with mine owne; to make this ſhow
more full of ſeeming. *Hobinall* you know,
ſonne to the aged Shepherd of the glen,
him I have ſorted out of many men,
to ſay he found us at our private ſport,
and rouz'd us 'fore our time by his reſort:
this to confirme, I have promiſ'd to the boy
many a prettie knack, and many a toy,

as

as grinnes to catch him birds, with bowe and bolt,
to ſhoot at nimble Squirrels in the holt;
a paire of painted Buskins, and a Lambe,
ſoft as his own locks, or the down of ſwan;
this I have done to winne ye, which doth give
me double pleaſure. Diſcord makes me live.

Amar. Lov'd ſwain, I thanke ye, theſe tricks might prevaile
with other ruſticke Shepherds, but will faile
even once to ſtirre, much more to overthrow
his fixed love from judgement, who doth know
your nature, my end, and his choſens merit;
therefore ſome ſtronger way muſt force his ſpirit,
which I have found: give ſecond, and my love
is everlaſting thine. *Sull.* Try me and prove.

Amar. Theſe happy paire of lovers meet ſtraight way,
Soone as they fold their flocks up with the day,
in the thicke grove bordering upon yon hill,
in whoſe hard ſide Nature hath carv'd a well,
and but that matchleſſe ſpring which Poets know,
was nere the like to this: by it doth grow
about the ſides, all herbs which Witches uſe,
all ſimples good for Medicine or abuſe,
all ſweets that crowne the happy Nuptiall day,
with all their colours, there the month of May
is ever dwelling, all is young and greene,
there's not a graſſe on which was ever ſeene
the falling *Autumne*, or cold Winters hand,
ſo full of heat and vertue is the land,
about this fountaine, which doth ſlowly breake
below yon Mountaines foot, into a Creeke
that waters all the valley, giving Fiſh
of many ſorts, to fill the Shepherds diſh.
This holy well, my grandame that is dead,
right wiſe in charmes, hath often to me ſed,
hath power to change the forme of any creature,
being thrice dipt o're the head, into what feature,
or ſhape 'twould pleaſe the letter downe to crave,
who muſt pronounce this charm too, which ſhe gave
me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I ſhould apply unto the Patients brow,

that would be chang'd, caſting them thrice aſleepe,
before I truſted them into this deepe.
All this ſhe ſhew'd me, and did charge me prove
this ſecret of her Art, if croſt in love.
I'le this attempt; now Shepherd, I have here
all her preſcriptions, and I will not feare
to be my ſelf dipt: come, my temples bind
with theſe ſad herbs, and when I ſleep you find,
as you do ſpeak your charm, thrice down me let,
and bid the water raiſe me *Amarit*;
which being done, leave mee to my affair,
and ere the day ſhall quite it ſelf out-wear,
I will return unto my Shepherds arm,
dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
and pluck me up my ſelfe, whom freely take,
and the hotſt fire of thine affection ſlake.

Sull. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me:
I long the truth of this wels power to ſee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I ſtay, for this the covert is
where I appointed *Cloe*; doe not miſſe,
thou bright ey'd virgin, come, O come my fair,
be not abuſ'd with fear, nor let cold care
of honour ſtay thee from the Shepherds arm,
who would as hard be wonne to offer harm
to thy chaſt thoughts, as whiteneſſe from the day,
or yon great round to move another way.
My language ſhall be honeſt, full of truth,
my flames as ſmooth and ſpotleſſe as my youth:
I will not entertain that wandring thought,
whoſe eaſie current may at length be brought
to a looſe vaſteneſſe. *Alexis within. Cloe!*

Daph. 'Tis her voyce,
and I muſt anſwer, *Cloe*! Oh the choice
of deare embraces, chaſt and holy ſtraines
our hands ſhall give! I charge you all my veins
through which the blood and ſpirit take their way,
lock up your diſobedient heats, and ſtay
thoſe mutinous deſires that elſe would grow
to ſtrong rebellion: doe not wilder ſhow

then

Then bluſhing modeſtie may entertaine,
Alexis within. Cloe!
Daph. There ſounds that bleſſed name againe,
And I will meet it: let me not miſtake, *Enter Alexis.*
This is ſome Shepherd! ſure I am a wake;
What may this riddle meane? I will retire,
To give my ſelfe more knowledg. *Alex.* Oh my fire,
How thou conſum'ſt me? *Cloe*, anſwer me,
Alexis, ſtrong *Alexis*, high and free,
Cals upon *Cloe*. See mine armes are full
Of entertainement, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy eye: thou ſtayeſt too long,
I am impatient of theſe mad delayes;
I muſt not leave unſought theſe many wayes
That lead into this center, till I finde
Quench for my burning luſt. I come, unkind. *Exit Alexis*
Daph. Can my imagination worke me ſo much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and ſtill
Beleeve mine eyes? or ſhall I firmely hold
Her yet untainted, and theſe ſights but bold
Illuſion? Sure ſuch fancies oft have beene
Sent to abuſe true love, and yet are ſeene,
Daring to blinde the vertuous thought with errour.
But be they farre from me with their fond terrour:
I am reſolv'd my *Cloe* yet is true. *Cloe within.*
Cloe, harke, *Cloe*: Sure this voyce is new,
Whoſe ſhrilneſſe like the ſounding of a bell,
Tels me it is a woman: *Cloe*, tell
Thy bleſſed name againe. *Cloe within.* Here.
Oh what a griefe is this to be ſo neere,
And not incounter? *Enter Cloe.*
Cloe. Shepherd, we are met,
Draw cloſe into the covert, leſt the wet
Which falls like lazy miſts upon the ground
Soke through your ſtartups. *Daph.* Faireſt, are you found?
How have we wandred, that the better part
Of this good night is periſht? oh my heart!
How have I longd to meet ye, how to kiſſe
Thoſe lilly hands, how to receive the bliſſe

that charming tongue gives to the happy eare
of him that drinkes your language! but I feare
I am too much unmanner'd, farre too rude,
and almoſt growne laſcivious to intrude
theſe hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
honour, and modeſty, a vertuous name,
and ſuch diſcourſe as one faire ſiſter may
without offence unto the brother ſay,
ſhould rather have been tendred: but believe,
here dwels a better temper; doe not grieve
then, ever kindeſt, that my firſt ſalute
ſeaſons ſo much of fancie, I am mute
henceforth to all diſcourſes, but ſhall be
ſuting to your ſweet thoughts and modeſtie.
Indeed I will not aske a kiſſe of you,
no not to wring your fingers, nor to ſue
to thoſe bleſt paire of fixed ſtarres for ſmiles,
all a young lovers cunning, all his wiles,
and pretty wanton dyings, ſhall to me
be ſtrangers; onely to your chaſtitie
I am devoted ever. *Clor.* honeſt Swaine,
firſt let me thanke you, then returne againe
as much of my love; no thou art too cold,
unhappy boy, not tempred to my mold,
thy blood fals heavy downeward, 'tis not feare
to offend in boldneſſe wins, they never weare
deſerved favours that deny to take
when they are offerd freely: Doe I wake
to ſee a man of his youth, years and feature,
and ſuch a one as we call goodly creature,
thus backward? What a world of precious Art
were meerely loſt, to make him doe his part?
But I will ſhake him off, that dares not hold,
let men that hope to be belov'd be bold,
Daphnis, I doe deſire, ſince we are met
ſo happily, our lives and fortunes ſet
upon one ſtake, to give aſſurance now,
by interchange of hands and holy vow,
never to breake againe: walk you that way
whilſt I in zealous meditation ſtray

a little

a little this way : when we both have ended
theſe rights and duties, by the woods befriended,
and ſecreſie of night, retyre and finde
an aged Oake, whoſe hollowneſſe may binde
us both within his body, thither goe,
it ſtands within yon bottom. *Daph.* Be it ſo. *Exit Daph.*
Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
thou Idle ſhamefaſtneſſe. *Alex. within. Cloe!* *Clo.* Tis he
that dare I hope be bolder. *Alex. Cloe!* *Cloe.* Now
great *Pan* for *Syrinx* ſake bid ſpeed our plow. *Exit Cloe.*

Actus tertius Scena prima.

Enter Sullen *ſhepherd with* Amarillis *in a ſleep,*
Sull. From thy forehead thus I take
theſe herbs, and charge thee not awake
till in yonder holy Well,
thrice with powerfull Magicke ſpell,
fill'd with many a balefull word,
thou haſt been dipt ; thus with my cord
of blaſted hempe, by Moon-light twinde,
I doe thy ſleepy body binde ;
I turn thy head into the Eaſt,
and thy feet into the Weſt,
thy left arm to the South put forth,
and thy right unto the North :
I take thy body from the ground,
in this deepe and deadly ſwound,
and into this holy ſpring
I let thee ſlide down by my ſtring.
Take this mayd thou holy pit,
to thy bottom, neerer yet,
in thy water pure and ſweet,
by thy leave I dip her feet ;
thus I let her lower yet,
that her anckles may be wet ;
yet downe lower, let her knee
in thy waters waſhed bee ;
there ſtop : Fly away
every thing that loves the day.

truth that hath but one face,
thus I charme thee from this place.
Snakes that caſt your coats for new,
camelions that alter hue,
hares that yearely ſexes change,
Proteus altring oft and ſtrange,
Hecate with ſhapes three,
let this Mayden changed be,
with this holy water wet,
to the ſhape of *Amoret*:
Cynthia worke thou with my charme,
thus I draw thee free from harme
up out of this bleſſed Lake,
riſe both like her and awake. *She awakes.*

Amar. Speake ſhepherd, am I *Amoret* to ſight?
or haſt thou miſt in any Magicke right;
for want of which any defect in me,
may make our practices diſcovered be?

Sul. By yonder Moone, but that I here doe ſtand,
whoſe breath hath thus transformd thee, and whoſe hand
let thee downe dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet,
I ſhould my ſelfe take thee for *Amoret*;
thou art in clothes, in feature, voice and hew
ſo like, that ſenſe cannot diſtinguiſh you.

Ama. Then this deceit which cannot croſſed be,
at once ſhall loſe her him, and gaine thee me.
Hither ſhe needs muſt come by promiſe made,
and ſure his nature never was ſo bad,
to bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
when night and feare are up, but underſtood,
twas his part to come firſt: being come, Ile ſay,
my conſtant love made me come firſt and ſtay:
Then will I leade him further to the grove,
but ſtay you here, and if his owne true Love
ſhall ſeeke him here, ſet her in ſome wrong path,
which ſay, her Lover lately troden hath;
Ile not be farre from hence, if need there be,
here is another charme, whoſe power will free
the dazeled ſenſe, reade by the Moones beames cleare,
and in my owne true mape ſhake me appear. *Enter Peri.*

Sull. Stand

Sull. Stand close, here's *Perigot*, whose constant heart
longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
Per. This is the place (faire *Amoret*) the hour
is yet scarce come. Here every Sylvan power
delights to be about yon sacred wel,
which they have blest with many a powerfull spell;
for never travailer in dead of night,
nor strayed beasts have falne in, but when sight
hath faild them, then their right way they have found
by helpe of them, so holy is the ground:
but I will farther seek, lest *Amoret*
should be first come, and so stray long unmet.
My *Amoret*, *Amoret*. *Exit*. *Amar*. *Perigot*.
Per. My Love. *Amar.* I come my Love. *Exit.*
Sull. Now she hath got
her owne desires, and I shall gainer be
of my long lookt for hopes as wel as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
to show her glory in this little grove, *Enter Amoret*
to some new loved Shepherd. Yonder is
another *Amoret*. Where differs this
from that? but that the *Perigot* hath met,
I should have tane this for the counterfet:
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
if mortall men could know your properties!
Amo. Me thinks it is not night, I have no feare,
walking this wood, of Lyon, or the Beare,
whose names at other times have made me quake,
when any Shepherdesse in her tale spake
of some of them, that underneath a wood
have torn true Lovers that together stood.
Me thinks there are no Goblins, and mens talk,
that in these woods the nimble Fairies walk,
are fables; such a strong heart I have got,
because I come to meet with *Perigot*.
My *Perigot*, who's that, my *Perigot*?
Sull. Fair maid. *Amo.* Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*.
Sull. But I can tell ye news of *Perigot*:
An hour together under yonder tree
he sate with wreathed arms and call'd on thee,

and

and said, Why *Amoret* stayest thou so long?
then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
lest thou hadst mist thy way: were it day light,
he could not yet have borne him out of sight.

Amar. Thanks gentle Shepherd, and beshrew my stay,
that made me fearefull I had lost my way:
as fast as my weake legs (that cannot be
weary with seeking him) will carry me,
Ile seek him out; and for thy courtesie
pray *Pan* thy love may ever follow thee. *Exit.*

Sull. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!
was it not pitie to deceive her so?
she pluckt her garments up, and tript away,
and with a Virgin-innocence did pray
for me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,
me thought the beames of light that did appeare
were shot from her; me thought the Moone gave none,
but what it had from her: she was alone
with me, if then her presence did so move,
why did not I assay to winne her love?
she would not sure have yeelded unto me;
women love onely opportunitie
and not the man; or if she had deny'd,
alone, I might have forc'd her to have try'd
who had been stronger: ô vaine foole, to let
such blest occasion passe; Ile follow yet,
my blood is up, I cannot now forbeare. *Enter Alex. & Cloe*
I come sweet *Amoret*. Soft who is here?
A paire of Lovers? He shall yeeld her me:
now lust is up, alike all women be.

Alex. Where shall we rest? but for the love of me,
Cloe, I know ere this would weary be.

Clor. *Alexis*, let us rest here, if the place
be private, and out of the common trace
of every shepherd: for I understood
this night a number are about the wood:
then let us choose some place, where out of sight
we freely may enjoy our stolne delight.

Alex. Then boldly here, where we shall nere be found,
no Shepherds way lies here, 'tis hallowed ground;

no

no mayd ſeeks here her ſtrayed Cow, or Sheepe,
Fairies and Fawns, and Satyrs do it keep:
then careleſſely reſt here, and clip and kiſſe,
and let no feare make us our pleaſures miſſe.

Cloe. Then lye by me, the ſooner we begin,
the longer ere the day deſcry our ſin.

Sul. Forbear to touch my Love, or by yon flame,
the greateſt power that ſhepherds dare to name,
here where thou ſitſt under this holy tree
her to diſhonour, thou ſhalt buried be.

Alex. If *Pan* himſelfe ſhould come out of the lawnes,
with all his troupes of Satyrs and of Fawnes,
and bid me leave, I ſweare by her two eyes,
a greater oath than thine, I would not riſe.

Sull. Then from the cold earth never thou ſhalt move,
but loſe at one ſtroke both thy life and love.

Cloe. Hold gentle ſhepherd. *Sul.* Faireſt ſhepherdeſſe,
come you with me, I doe not love ye leſſe
than that fond man, that would have kept you there
from me of more deſert. *Alex.* O yet forbeare
to take her from me; give me leave to die
by her.

The Satyr enters, he runs one way and ſhe another.

Sat. Now whilſt the Moon doth rule the skie,
and the ſtarres, whoſe feeble light
give a pale ſhadow to the night,
are up, great *Pan* commanded me
to walke this Grove about, whilſt he
in a corner of the wood,
where never mortall foot hath ſtood,
keeps dancing, muſick, and a feaſt
to intertaine a lovely gueſt:
where he gives her many a Roſe,
ſweeter than the breath that blows
the leaves; Grapes, Berries of the beſt,
I never ſaw ſo great a feaſt.
But to my charge: here muſt I ſtay,
to ſee what mortalls loſe their way,
and by a falſe fire ſeeming bright,
traine them in and leave them right:

then

Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastitie;
If I finde it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horn a blast,
And the Fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the Moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustfull thoughts be gone.

Alex. O death! *Sat.* Back again about this ground,
Sure I hear a mortall sound;
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this VVell,
By the glimmering Moon beams bright,
Speak again, thou mortall wight.

Alex. Oh! *Sat.* Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground: arise.
The poor wight is almost dead,
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes fould with his blood:
To my Goddesse in the wood
VVill I lead him, whose hands pure,
VVill help this mortal wight to cure, *Enter Cloe again.*

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my brest
doth pant, each bush, me thinks, should hide a beast:
yet my desire keeps still above my fear,
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where:
for from one cause of fear I am most free,
it is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love all bloody with his wound;
yet till that fearefull shape made me be gone,
though he were hurt, I furnisht was of one,
but now both lost: *Alexis*, speake or move,
If thou hast any life, thou art yet my love.
Hee's dead, or else is with his little might
crept from the banke for feare of that ill spright.
Then where art thou that struckst my love? O stay,
bring me thy selfe in change, and then Ile say
thou hast some justice. I will make thee trim
with flowers & garlands that were meant for him;

Ile

Ile clip thee round with both mine armes, as fast
as I did meane he should have been imbrac'd:
but thou art fled. What hope is left for me?
Ile run to *Daphnis* in the hollow tree,
who I did meane to mocke, though hope be small,
to make him bold; rather than none at all,
Ile try him; his heart, and my behaviour too
perhaps may teach him what he ought to doe. *Exit*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sul. this was the place, 'twas but my feeble sight,
mixt with the horror of my deed, and night,
that shapt these feares, and made me run away,
and lose my beautious hardly gotten prey.
Speak gentle Shepherdesse, I am alone,
and tender love for love: but she is gone
from me, that having strucke her lover dead,
for silly feare left her alone and fled.
And see, the wounded body is remov'd
by her of whom it was so well belov'd.

Enter Perigot *and* Amarillis *in the shape of* Amoret.

But these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lie chose. Here comes young *Perigot*
with subtill *Amarillis* in the shape
of *Amoret*. Pray Love he may not scape.

Amar. Beloved *Perigot*, shew me some place,
where I may rest my limbes, weake with the chace
of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

Per. Beshrew my tardy steps: Here shalt thou rest
upon this holy banke, no deadly Snake
upon this truse her selfe in foulds doth make.
Here is no poyson for the Toad to feed:
here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed
dares blister them, no slimy Snaile dare creepe
over thy face when thou art fast asleepe;
here never durst the babling Cuckow spit,
no slough of falling Starre did ever hit
upon this banke; let this thy Cabin be,
this other set with Violets for me.

Ama. thou dost not love me *Perigot*. *Per.* Faire mayd,
you onely love to heare it often sayd;

you doe not doubt. *Amar* Beleeve me but I doe.
Per. what shall we now begin againe to wooe?
tis the best way to make your Lover last,
to play with him, when you have caught him fast.
Ama. By *Pan* I sweare, I loved *Perigot*,
and by yon Moone, I thinke thou lov'st me not.
Per. By *Pan* I swear, and if I falsely sweare,
let him not guard my flockes, let Foxes teare
my earliest lambs, and wolves whilst I doe sleepe
fall on the rest, a Rot among my sheep.
I love thee better than the carefull Ewe
the new-yeand lambe that is of her owne hew;
I dote upon thee more than the young lamb
doth on the bagg that feeds him from his dam.
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
and one ran after thee, both young and old
should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
to save thee, whom I love above my life.
Ama. How shall I trust thee when I see thee chuse
another bed, and dost my side refuse?
Per. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewn
'twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Ama. Come, *Perigot* will shew his power, that he
can make his *Amoret*, though she weary be,
rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here take thy *Amoret*, imbrace and kisse.
Per. What means my Love? *Ama.* To do as lovers shud,
that are to be injoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's nere a Shepherdesse in all the plain
can kisse thee with more art, there's none can faine
more wanton tricks. *Per.* Forbeare, deare soule, to trie,
whether my heart be pure; Ile rather die
than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.
Ama. Still thinkst thou such a thing as Chastitie
is amongst women? *Perigot* there's none,
that with her love is in a wood alone,
and would come home a mayd; be not abus'd
with thy fond first beliefe, let time be us'd:
why dost thou rise? *Per.* My true heart thou hast slaine.
Ama. Faith *Perigot*, Ile plucke thee downe againe.

Per. Let

Per. Let goe, thou Serpent, that into my breſt
haſt with thy cunning div'd; art not in jeſt?
Ama. Sweet love, lie downe. *Per.* Since this I live to ſee,
ſome bitter North wind blaſt my flockes and me.
Ama. You ſwore you lov'd, yet will not doe my will.
Per. O be as thou wert once, Ile love thee ſtill.
Ama. I am, as ſtill I was, and all my kinde,
though other ſhowes we have poore men to blinde.
Per. Then here I end all love, and left my vaine
beliefe ſhould ever draw me in againe,
before thy face that haſt my youth miſ-led,
I end my life, my blood be on thy head.
Ama. O hold thy hands, thy *Amoret* doth cry.
Per. Thou counſail'ſt wel, firſt *Amoret* ſhall dye,
that is the cauſe of my eternal ſmart. *He runs after her.*
Ama. O hold. *Per.* This ſteel ſhal pierce thy luſtful heart.

The Sullen Shepherd ſteps out and uncharmes her.

Sul. Up and downe every where,
I ſtrew the herbs to purge the ayre:
let your Odour drive hence
all miſtes that dazell ſenſe.
Herbs and ſprings whoſe hidden might
alters ſhapes, and mockes the ſight,
thus I charge ye to undoe
all before I brought ye to:
let her flye, let her ſcape,
give againe her owne ſhape.
Enter Amarillis *in her owne ſhape.*
Amar. Forbeare thou gentle ſwaine, thou doſt miſtake,
ſhe whom thou follow'dſt fled into the brake,
and as I croſt thy way, I met thy wrath,
the only feare of which neere ſlaine me hath.
Per. Pardon faire Shepherdeſſe, my rage and night
were both upon me, and beguild my ſight;
but farre be it from me to ſpill the blood
of harmeleſſe maides that wander in the wood. *Exit Ama.*
Enter Amoret.
Amo. Many a weary ſtep in yonder path,
poore hopeleſſe *Amoret* twice troden hath

To seeke her *Perigot*, yet cannot heare
his voyce; my *Perigot*, she loves thee dear
that calls. *Per.* See yonder where she is, how faire
she showes, and yet her breath infects the Ayr.
Amo. my *Perigot*. *Per.* Here. *Amo.* Happy.
Per. Hapless first:
it lights on thee, the next blow is the worst.
Amo. Stay *Perigot*, my love, thou art unjust.
Per. Death is the best reward that's due to lust. *Exit. Peri.*
Sull. Now shall their love be crost, for being strucke,
Ile throw her in the Fount, lest being tooke
by some night-travailer, whose honest care
may helpe to cure her. Shepherdesse prepare
your selfe to die. *Amo.* No mercy I doe crave,
thou canst not give a worse blow than I have;
tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
he struck my soul, and not my body through.
Tell him when I am dead, my soul shall be
at peace, if he but thinke he injur'd me.
Sull. In this Fount be thy grave, thou wert not meant
sure for a women, thou art so innocent. *flings her into*
She cannot scape, for underneath the ground, *the well.*
in a long hollow the cleare spring is bound,
till on yon side where the Mornes Sunne doth looke,
the strugling water breakes out in a Brooke. *Exit.*

The God of the River riseth with Amoret *in his arms.*

God. What powerfull charmes my streames doe bring
back again unto their spring,
with such force, that I their god,
three times striking with my Rod,
could not keep them in their rankes:
my Fishes shoot into the bankes,
there's not one that stayes and feeds,
all have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortall almost dead,
falne into my River head,
hallowed so with many a spell,
that till now none ever fell.
Tis a Female young and cleare,

cast

caſt in by ſome Raviſher.
See upon her breaſt a wound,
on which there is no plaiſter bound.
Yet ſhee's warme, her pluſes beat,
tis a ſigne of life and heat.
If thou bee'ſt a Virgin pure,
I can give a preſent cure:
take a drop into thy wound
from my watry lockes more round
than Orient Pearle, and farre more pure
than unchaſt fleſh may endure.
See ſhe pants, and from her fleſh
the warme blood guſheth out afreſh.
Shee is an unpolluted mayd;
I muſt have this bleeding ſtayd.
From my bankes I plucke this flower
with holy hand, whoſe vertuous power
is at once to heale and draw.
The blood returnes. I never ſaw
a fayrer Mortall. Now doth breake
her deadly ſlumber: Virgin, ſpeak.

Amo. Who hath reſtor'd my ſenſe, given me new breath,
and brought me backe out of the armes of death?

God. I have heald thy wounds. *Amo.* Ay me!

God. Fear not him that ſuccour'd thee:
I am this Fountaines god; below,
my waters to a River grow,
and 'twixt two bankes with Oſiers ſet,
that onely proſper in the wet,
through the Meadowes doe they glide,
wheeling ſtill one every ſide,
ſometimes winding round about,
to find the eveneſt channell out.
And if thou wilt goe with me,
leaving mortall company,
in the coole ſtreames ſhalt thou lye,
free from harme as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food,
no Eiſh that uſeth in the mud,
but Trout and Pike that love to ſwim

where

where the gravell from the brim,
through the pure ſtreames may be ſeene:
orient Pearle fit for a Queene,
will I give thy love to win,
and a ſhell to keepe them in:
not a Fiſh in all my Brooke
that ſhall diſobey thy looke,
but when thou wilt, come ſliding by,
and from thy white hand take a flye.
And to make thee underſtand,
how I can my waves command,
they ſhall bubble whilſt I ſing
ſweeter than the ſilver ſpring.

The Song.

Doe not feare to put thy feet
Naked in the River ſweet;
Think not Leach, or Newt or Toad
Will bite thy foot, when thou haſt trod;
Nor let the water riſing high,
As thou waa'ſt in, make thee crie
And ſob, but ever live with mee,
And not a Wave ſhall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'ſt this holy flood,
I know my ſelfe unworthy to be woo'd
by thee a god: for ere this, but for thee
I ſhould have ſhown my weak Mortalitie:
beſides, by holy Oath betwixt us twaine,
I am betroath'd unto a Shepherd ſwaine,
whoſe comely face, I know the gods above
may make me leave to ſee, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true.
Faireſt Virgin, now adieu,
I muſt make my waters flye,
Leſt they leave their Channels dry,
And beaſts that come unto the ſpring
Miſſe their mornings watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people ſate
On my bankes, and from the fold,
Two white Lambs of three weeks old

Offered to my Deitie:
For which this yeare they ſhall be free
From raging floods, that as they paſſe
Leave there gravell in the graſſe:
Nor ſhall their Meades be overflowne,
When their graſſe is newly mowne.
Amo. For thy kindneſſe to me ſhowne,
Never from thy bankes be blowne
Any tree, with windy force,
Croſſe thy ſtreames, to ſtop thy courſe:
May no beaſt that comes to drinke,
With his hornes caſt downe thy brinke;
May none that for thy fiſh doe looke,
Cut thy bankes to damme thy Brooke;
Bare-foot may no Neighbour wade
In thy coole ſtreames wife nor mayd,
When the ſpawnes on ſtones doe lye,
To waſh their Hempe, and ſpoyle the Frye.
God. Thanks Virgin, I muſt downe againe,
Thy wound will put thee to no paine:
Wonder not ſo ſoone 'tis gone;
A holy hand was layd upon. *Exit.*
Amo. And I unhappy borne to be,
Muſt follow him that flies from me.

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Perigot

Per. Shee is untrue, unconſtant, and unkinde,
ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone, blow high thou North-weſt wind,
and raiſe the Sea to Mountaines, let the Trees
that dare oppoſe thy raging fury, leeſe
their firme foundation, creepe into the earth,
and ſhake the world, as at the monſtrous birth
of ſome new Prodigy, whilſt I conſtant ſtand,
holding this truſtie Boare-ſpeare in my hand,
and falling thus upon it,

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand, thou art too hot

againſt

againſt thy ſelfe, believe me comely Swaine,
if that thou dyeſt, not all the ſhowers of Raine
the heavy clouds ſend down can waſh away
that foule unmanly guilt, the world will lay
upon thee. Yet thy love untainted ſtands:
beleeve me, ſhe is conſtant, not the ſands
can be ſo hardly numbred as ſhe wonne:
I doe not trifle, *Shepherd*, by the Moone,
and all thoſe leſſer lights our eyes doe view,
all that I told thee *Perigot*, is true:
Then be a free man, put away deſpayr,
and will to dye, ſmooth gently up that fayre
dejected forehead: be as when thoſe eyes
tooke the firſt heat. *Per.* Alas he double dyes
that would believe, but cannot; 'tis not well
ye keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
with many worſe companions: but oh death,
I am not yet inamourd of this breath
ſo much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not payne
in forcing of a wound, nor after gaine
of many dayes, can hold me from my will:
'tis not my ſelfe, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

Ama. Stay but a little, little, but one hour,
and if I do not ſhow thee through the power
of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
my ſelfe turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in ſight,
her very figure, and the Robe ſhe weares,
with tawny Buskins, and the hooke ſhe beares
of thine owne Carving, where your names are ſet,
wrought underneath with many a curious frett,
the *Prim-Roſe* Chaplet, taudry-lace and Ring,
thou gaveſt her for her ſinging, with each thing
elſe that ſhe weares about her, let me feel
the firſt fell ſtroke of that Revenging ſteele.

Per. I am contented, if there be a hope
to give it entertainement, for the ſcope
of one poor hour; goe, you ſhall find me next
under yon ſhady Beech, even thus perplext,
and thus beleeving. *Ama.* Binde before I goe,
thy ſoule by *Pan* unto me, not to doe

harme

Harme or outragious wrong upon thy life,
till my return.

Per. By *Pan*, and by the ſtrife
he had with *Phebus* for the Maſterye,
when Golden *Mydas* judg'd the it *Muſtraleye*,
I will not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Satyre with Alexis hurt.

Satyr. Softly gliding as I goe,
with this burthen full of woe,
through ſtill ſilence of the night,
guided by the Gloe-wormes light,
hither am I come at laſt,
many a Thicket have I paſt
not a twig that durſt deny me,
not a buſh that durſt deſcry me,
to the little Bird that ſleepes
on the tender ſpray: nor creepes
that hardy worme with poynted tail,
but if I be under ſail,
flying faſter then the wind,
leaving all the cloudes behind,
but doth hide her tender head
in ſome hollow tree or bed
of ſeeded Nettles: not a Hare
can be ſtarted from his fare,
by my footing, nor a wiſh
is more ſudden, nor a fiſh
can be found with greater eaſe,
cut the vaſt unbounded ſeas,
leaving neither print nor ſound,
then I, when nimbly on the ground,
I meaſure many a league an hour:
But behold the happy power,
that muſt eaſe me of my charge,
and by holy hand enlarge
the ſoule of this ſad man, that yet
lyes faſt bound in deadly fit;
heaven and great *Pan* ſuccor it!
Hayl thou beauty of the bower,

whiter then the Paramoure
of my master, let me crave
thy vertuous help to keep from Grave
this poore Mortall that here lyes,
waiting when the destinies
will unde his thred of life:
view the wound by cruell knife
trencht into him.

Clor. What art thou call'st me from my holy rights,
and with thy feared name of death affrights
my tender Eares? speake me thy name and will.

Satyr. I am the *Satyre* that did fill
your lap with early fruit, and will,
when I hap to gather more,
bring ye better and more store:
yet I come not empty now,
see a blossome from the bow,
but beshrew his heart that pulld it,
and his perfect sight that culld it
from the other Springing bloomes;
for a sweeter youth the Groomes
cannot show me, nor the downes,
nor the many neighbouring townes;
low in yonder glade I found him,
softly in mine Armes I bound him,
hither have I brought him sleeping
in a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
in remembrance such youth may
spring and perish in a day.

Clor. Satyre, they wrong thee, that doe terme thee rude,
though thou beest outward rough and twany hude:
thy manners are as gentle and as faire
as his, who brags himselfe, borne onely heire
to all Humanity: let me see the wound:
this Herb will stay the current being bound
fast to the Orifice, and this restraine
ulcers, and swellings, and such inward paine,
as the cold ayre hath forc'd into the sore:
this to draw out such Putrifying gore
as inward falls.

Satyr. Heaven grant it may doe good.
Clor. Fairely wipe away the blood:
hold him gently till I fling
water of a vertuous spring
on his temples; turne him twice
to the moone beames, pinch him thrice,
that the labouring soule may draw
from his great ecclipse. *Satyr.* I saw
his eye lids moving. *Clor.* Give him breath,
all the danger of cold death
now is vanisht; with this Plaster,
and this unction, doe I master
all the festred ill that may
give him griefe another day.
Satyr. See he gathers up his spright
and begins to hunt for light;
now he gapes and breaths againe:
how the blood runs to the veine,
that earst was empty! *Alexis.* O my heart,
my deerest, deerest *Clor*, O the smart
runs through my side: I feele some poynted thing
passe through my Bowels, sharper then the sting
of *Scorpion*.

Pan preserve me, what are you?
Doe not hurt me, I am true
To my *Clor*, though she flye,
And leave me to this distiny.
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to helpe her friend:
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Beares more Austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe
Then these eyes yet ever saw
In my *Clor*. Oh my paine
Eagerly Renewes againe.
Give me your helpe for his sake you love best.
Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
till thou hast laida side all hearts desires
provoking thoughts that stirre up lusty fires,
commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will

to execute, these must be purg'd, untill
the vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray
great *Pan* to keep you from the like decay,
and I shall undertake your cure with ease,
till when this vertuous Plaster will displease
your tender sides; give me your hand and rise:
help him a little *Satyre*, for his thighes
yet are feeble.

Alex. Sure I have lost much blood.

Satyr. 'Tis no matter, t'was not good.
Mortal you must leave your wooing,
though there be a joy in doing,
yet it brings much griefe behind it,
they best feel it, that doe find it.

Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his sore.
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Satyr. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing,
by my head t'were better missing.
Brightest, if there be remayning
any service, without feigning
I will doe it; were I set
to catch the nimble wind, or get
shadowes glyding on the greene,
or to steale from the great Queene
of *Fayries*, all her Beauty,
I would doe it, so much duty
doe I owe those precious Eyes.

Clor. I thanke thee honest *Satyre*, if the Cryes
of any other that be hurt or ill,
draw thee unto them, prithee doe thy will
to bring them hither.

Satyr. I will, and when the weather
serves to Angle in the brooke,
I will bring a silver hooke,
with a line of finest silke,
and a rod as white as milke,
to deceive the little fish:
so I take my leave, and wish,
on this Bower may ever dwell
spring, and summer. *Clor.* Friend farewell. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Amoret, seeking her love.

Amo. This place is Ominous, for here I loſt
my love and almoſt life, and ſince have croſt
all theſe woods over, never a Nooke or dell,
where any little bird, or beaſt doth dwell,
but I have ſought him, never a bending brow
of any hill or glade, the wind ſings through,
nor a greene bank, nor ſhade where Shepherds uſe
to ſit and Riddle, ſweetly pipe, or chuſe
their Valentines, that I have miſt, to find
my love in. *Perigot*, Oh too unkind,
why haſt thou fled me? whither art thou gone?
how have I wrong'd thee? was my love alone
to thee worthy this ſcorn'd Recompence? tis well,
I am content to feele it: but I tell
thee Shepherd, and theſe luſtie woods ſhall heare,
forſaken *Amoret* is yet as cleare
of any ſtranger fire, as heaven is
from foule corruption, or the deepe Abyſſe
from light and happineſſe, and thou mayſt know
all this for truth, and how that fatall blow
thou gav'ſt me, never from deſert of mine,
fell on my life, but from ſuſpect of thine,
or fury more then madneſſe; therefore, here,
ſince I have loſt my life, my love, my deare,
upon this curſed place, and on this greene,
that firſt divorc'd us, ſhortly ſhall be ſeene
a ſight of ſo great pitty, that each eye
ſhall dayly ſpend his ſpring in memory
of my untimely fall.

Enter Amarillis.

Amaril. I am not blind,
nor is it through the working of my mind,
that this ſhowes *Amoret*; forſake me all
that dwell upon the ſoule, but what man call
wonder, or more then wonder, Miracle,
for ſure ſo ſtrange as this the Oracle
never gave anſwer of, it paſſeth dreames,
or madmens fancie, when the many ſtreames
of new Imaginations riſe and fill:

'tis but an houre since these Eares heard her call
for pitie to young *Perigot*, whilst he,
directed by his fury bloodily
lanch't up her breast, which bloodlesse fell and cold,
and if beliefe may credit what was told,
after all this, the Melancholly Swaine
took her into his armes being almost slaine,
and to the bottom of the holy well
flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amoret*,
and living yet, the great powers will not let
their vertuous love be crost. Mayd, wipe away
those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
the storme that yet goes high, which not depresst,
breakes heart and life, and all before it rest:
thy *Perigot*—— *Ama.* Where, which is *Perigot*?

Ama. Sits there below, lamenting much, god wot,
thee and thy fortune, goe and comfort him,
and thou shalt find him underneath a brim
of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountain in.

Amo. I goe, I run, Heaven grant me I may win
his soule again. *Exit Amoret.*

Enter Sullen.

Sull. Stay *Amarillis*, stay,
ye are too fleet, 'tis two houres yet to day.
I have perform'd my promise, let us sit
and warme our bloods together till the fit
come lively on us *Ama.* Friend you are too keen,
the Morning riseth and we shall be seen,
forbeare a little. *Sull.* I can stay no longer.

Ama. Hold *Shepherd* hold, learne not to be a wronger
of your word, was not your promise layd,
to break their loves first?

Sul. I have done it maid.

Ama. No, they are yet unbroken, met again,
and are as hard to part yet as the staine
is from the finest lawne. *Sul.* I say they are
now at this present parted, and so farre,
that they shall never meet.

Ama.

Amar. Swain 'tis not so,
for doe but to yon hanging Mountain goe,
and there believe your eyes.
Sullen. You doe but hold
off with delayes and trifles, farewell cold
and frozen bashfulnesse, unfit for men;
thus I salute thee virgin.
Amar. And thus then,
I bid you follow, Catch me if you can. *Exit.*
Sul. and if I stay behind I am no man. *Ex. running after her.*

Enter Perigot.

Per. Night doe not steale away: I woe thee yet
to hold a hard hand o're the Rusty bit
that guides the lazy team: goe backe againe,
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain
round as a Ring, and bring a second Night
to hide my sorrowes from the coming light;
let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
and read my falling, give me some blacke place
where never Sun beame shot his wholesome light,
that I may sit and pour out my sad spright
like running water, never to be knowne
after the forced fall and sound is gone.

Enter Amoret looking for Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottom: speake if thou be here,
my *Perigot*, thy *Amoret*, thy deare
calls on thy loved Name.
Per. What art thou dareſt
tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
dwell on the face of darkenesse?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
thy *Amoret*, come hither to give end
to these consummings; looke up gentle Boy,
I have forgot those Paines and deare annoy
I sufferd for thy sake, and am content
to be thy love again; why hast thou rent
those curled locks, where I have often hung
ribands and damask-Roses, and have flung

waters distil'd to make thee fresh and gay,
sweeter then the Nosegayes on a Bridall day?
why dost thou crosse thine Arms, and hang thy face
downe to thy bosome, letting fall apace
from those two little Heavens upon the ground
showers of more price, more Orient, and more round
then those that hang upon the Moones pale brow?
Cease these complainings, Shepherd, I am now
the same I ever was, as kinde and free,
and can forgive before you aske of me.
Indeed I can and will.

Per. So spoke my fayre.
O you great working powers of Earth and Ayre,
water and forming fire, why have you lent
your hidden vertues of so ill intent?
Even such a face, so faire, so bright of hue
had *Amoret*; such words, so smooth and new,
came flying from her tongue; such was her eye,
and such the poynted sparkle that did flye
forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
the Robe and Buskins, painted hooke, and frame
of all her Body. O me, *Amoret*!

Amo. Shepherd, what meanes this Riddle? who hath set
so strong a difference t'wixt my selfe and me
that I am growne another? looke and see
the Ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
that curious bracelet thou thy selfe didst twist
from those faire Tresses: knowst thou, *Amoret*?
hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget
thy Ancient faith?

Per. Still neerer to my love,
these be the very words she oft did prove
upon my temper, so she still would take
wondor into her face, and silent make
signes with her head and hand, as who would say,
Shepherd remember this another day.

Amo. Am I not *Amoret*? where was I lost?
can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most
of these unconstant? faith where art thou fled?
are all the vowes and protestations dead,

the

the hands held up, the vvishes, and the heart,
is there not one remayning, not a part
of all these to be found? why then I see
men never knew that vertue Constancie.

Per. Men ever were most blessed, till crosse fate
brought love and women forth, unfortunate
to all that ever tasted of their smiles,
whose actions are all double full of wiles:
like to the subtill Hare, that 'fore the Hounds
makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
this way and that way, to deceive the sent
of her pursuers.

Amc. 'Tis but to prevent
their speedy coming on that seek her fall,
the hands of cruell men, more Bestiall,
and of a nature more refusing good
then beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.

Per. Thou art all these, and more then nature meant,
when she created all, frowns, joyes, content;
extreame fire for an hour, and presently
colder then sleepy poyson, or the sea,
upon whose face sits a continuall frost:
your actions ever driven to the most,
then downe again as low, that none can find
the rise or falling of a vvomans mind.

Amo. Can there be any Age, or dayes, or time,
or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
as wronging simple mayd? *O Perigot,*
thou that wast yesterday without a blot,
thou that wast every good, and every thing
that men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
from whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
thou that wast alwayes just, and alwaies blest
in faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
of vertuous given thee, and made good the same
ev'n from thy Cradle, thou that wast that all
that men delighted in; Oh what a fall
is this, to have been so, and now to be
the onely best in wrong and infamie,
and I to live to know this! and by me

that lov'd thee dearer then mine Eyes, or that
which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;
dearer then swallowes love the early morne,
or dogs of Chace the sound of merry horne;
dearer then thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast
another, and farre dearer then the last;
dearer then thou canst love thy selfe, though all
the selfe love were within thee that did fall
with that coy Swain that now is made a flower,
for whose dear sake, *Eccho* weeps many a shower.
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
lov'd worthily to get a wantons name?
Come thou forsaken willow, winde my head,
and noyse it to the world my love is dead:
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
and left for every lazy groome to say,
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
then the quicke Clouds we see, or the chill Frost
when the hot sun beates on it. Tell me yet,
canst thou not love again thy *Amoret*?

Per. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,
I must not know thee, fling thy wanton flame
upon some lighter blood, that may be hot
with words and fained passions: *Perigot*
was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
stoope to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

Amo. Then heare me heaven, to whom I call for right,
and you fair twinckling starres that crowne the night;
and hear me woods, and silence of this place,
and ye sad hours that move a sullen pace;
hear me ye shadowes that delight to dwell
in horrid darkenesse, and ye powers of Hell,
whilst I breath out my last; I am that mayd,
that yet untainted *Amoret*, that played
the careleſſe prodigall, and gave away
my soule to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild,
and thus with much beliefe I was beguild.
I am that mayd, that have delayd, deny'd,
and almost scorn'd the loves of all that try'd;

to

to winne me, but this swain, and yet confesse
I have been wooed by many with no lesse
soule of affection, and have often had
Rings, Belts, and Cracknelse nt me from the lad
that feeds his flocks downe westward; Lambes and Doves
by young *Alexis*; *Daphnis* sent me gloves,
all which I give to thee: nor these, nor they
that sent them did I smile on, or ere lay
up to my after-memory. But why
doe I resolve to grieve, and not to dye?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
by this time had I found a quiet roome
where every slave is free, and every brest
that living breeds new care, now lies at rest,
and thither will poore *Amoret*.

Per. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loath to trust
his eyes as I? or was there ever yet
any so like as this to *Amoret*?
for whose dear sake, I promise if there be
a living soul within thee, thus to free
thy body from it. *He hurts her again.*

Amo. So, this worke hath end:
farewell and live, be constant to thy friend
that loves thee next.

Enter Satyre, Perigot *runnes off.*

Satyr. See the day begins to break,
and the light shoots like a streak
of subtill fire, the wind blowes cold,
whilst the morning doth unfold;
now the Brids begin to rouse,
and the Squirrill from the boughes
leaps to get him Nutts and fruit;
the early Larke that earst was mute,
carrolls to the rising day,
many a note and many a lay:
therefore here I end my watch,
lest the wandring swaine should catch
harme, or lose himselfe *Amo.* Ah me!

Satyr. Speake againe vvhat ere thou be,
I am ready, ſpeak I ſay;
by the dawning of the day,
by the povver of Night and *Pan*,
I inforce thee ſpeak againe.

Amo. O I am moſt unhappie.

Satyr. Yet more blood!
Sure theſe vvanton Svvaynes are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart,
dare commit ſo vile a part
as this Murder? By the Moone
that hid her ſelfe vvhen this was done,
never was a ſvveeter face:
I vvill beare her to the place
where my Goddeſſe keepes; and crave
her to give her life, or grave. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilſt one patient takes his reſt ſecure
I ſteal abroad to doe another Cure.
Pardon thou buryed body of my love,
that from thy ſide I dare ſo ſoone remove,
I will not prove unconſtant, nor will leave
thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
my firſt made vow, the wildeſt of the wood
teare me, and o're thy Grave let out my blood;
I goe by wit to Cure a lovers paine
which no herb can; being done, Ile come again. *Exit.*

Enter Thenot

The. Poore Shepherd in this ſhade for ever lye,
and ſeeing thy fayre *Clorins* Cabin, dye:
O hapleſſe love, which being anſwered, ends;
and as a little infant cryes and bends
his tender Brows, when rowling of his eye
he hath eſpy'd ſome thing that gliſters nigh
which he would have, yet give it him, away
he throvves it ſtraight, and cryes afreſh to play
vvith ſome thing elſe: ſuch my affection, ſet
on that vvhich I ſhould loath, if I could get.

Enter Clorin.

Clor. See where he lyes; did ever man but he
love any woman for her Constancie
to her dead lover, which she needs must end
before she can allow him for her friend,
and he himselfe must needs the cause destroy,
for which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poore *Shepherd*, Heaven grant I at once may free
thee from thy pain, and keep my loyaltie:
Shepherd, looke up.

The. Thy brightnesse doth amaze I
so *Phœbus* may at noon bid mortalls gaze,
thy glorious constancie appears so bright,
I dare not meet the Beames with my weak sight.

Clor. Why dost thou pine away thy selfe for me?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotlesse constancy?

Clor. Thou holy *Shepherd*, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy *Clorin*, now dare undertake. *He starts up.*

The. Stay there, thou constant *Clorin*, if there be
yet any part of woman left in thee,
to make thee light: think yet before thou speak.

Clor. See what a holy vow for thee I break.
I that already have my fame farre spread
for being constant to my lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear *Clorin*, of your love, how true,
if you had dyed, he would have been to you.

Clor. Yet all Ile lose for thee.

The. Think but how blest
a constant woman is above the rest.

Clor. And offer up my selfe, here on this ground,
to be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound
his heart with Malice, against woman more,
that hated all the Sex, but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
to dye, then to behold this change in thee?
yet, yet, return, let not the woman sway.

Clor. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.

The.

Then. Thou haſt not ventur'd, but bought certain ſhame,
your Sexes curſe, foule falſhood muſt and ſhall,
I ſee, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now: yet turn.

Clor. Be juſt to me:
ſhall I at once both loſe my fame and thee?

The. Thou hadſt no fame, that which thou didſt like good,
was but thy appetite that ſwayd thy blood
for that time to the beſt: for as a blaſt
that through a houſe comes, uſually doth caſt
things out of order, yet by chance may come,
and blow ſome one thing to his proper roome;
ſo did thy appetite, and not thy zeale,
ſway thee by chance to doe ſome one thing well.
Yet turn.

Clor. Thou doſt but trie me if I would
forſake thy deare imbraces, for my old
love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.

Then. I doe contemne thee now, and dare come neere,
and gaze upon thee; for me thinks that grace,
auſteritie, which ſate upon that face
is gone, and thou like others: falſe mayd ſee,
this is the gain of foule inconſtancie. *Exit*

Clor. Tis done, great *Pan* I give thee thanks for it,
what art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Enter Thenot *again.*

Then. Will ye be conſtant yet? will ye remove
into the Cabin to your buried Love?

Clor. No let me die, but by thy ſide remain.

The. There's none ſhall know that thou didſt ever ſtain
thy worthy ſtrictneſſe, but ſhall honour'd be,
and I will lye again under this tree,
and pine and dye for thee with more delight,
than I have ſorrow now to know the light.

Clo. Let me have thee, and Ile be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of womens race, and full of guilt.
Farewell all hope of that Sex, whilſt I thought
there was one good, I fear'd to find one nought
but ſince their minds I all alike eſpie,

henceforth Ile chuse as others, by mine eye,

Clor. Blest be ye powers that give such quicke redresse,
and for my labours sent so good successe.
I rather chuse, though I a woman be,
hee should speake ill of all, than die for me.

Actus quintus, Scena prima

Enter Priest, and old Shepherd

Priest. Shepherds, rise and shake off sleep,
see the blushing Morne doth peep
through the windowe, whilst the Sun
to the mountain tops is runne,
gilding all the Vales below
with his rising flames, which grow
greater by his climing still.
Up ye lazie groomes, and fill
Bagg and Bottle for the field;
clasp your cloakes fast, lest they yeeld
to the bitter Northeast wind.
Call the Maydens up, and find
who lay longest, that she may
goe without a friend all day;
then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
so unfold and then away.
What not a Swepherd stirring? sure the groomes
have found their beds too easie, or the roomes
fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day;
knock, that they may remember what a shame
sloath and neglect layes on a Shepherds name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose, not a swain
this night hath knowne his lodging here, or lain
within these cotes: the woods, or some neere towne,
that is a neighbour to the bordering Down,
hath drawne them thither, 'bout some lustie sport,
or spiced Wassel-Boule, to which resort

all

all the young men and mayds of many a cote,
whilst the trim Minstrell strikes his merry note.

Priest. God pardon sinne, show me the way that leads
to any of their haunts.

Old. This to the meads,
and that down to the woods.

Priest. Then this for me;
come Shepherd let me crave your company. *Exeunt*

Enter Clorin *in her Cabin*, Alexis *with her*.

Clor. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
and your wound begins to cure:
strive to banish all thats vain,
lest it should break out again.

Alex. Eternall thanks to thee, thou holy mayd;
I find my former wandring thoughts well stayd
through thy wise precepts, and my outward pain,
by thy choice herbs is almost gone again:
thy sexes vice and vertue are reveal'd
at once, for what one hurt another heal'd.

Clor. May thy griefe more appease,
relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend,
so mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyre *with* Amoret.

Amo. Beest thou the wildest creature of the wood,
that bearst me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
and dying, know I cannot injur'd be,
I am a mayd, let that name fight for me.

Satyr. Fairest virgin doe not fear
me, that doth thy body bear,
not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
men are ruder farre then we.
See fair *Goddesse* in the wood,
they have let out yet more blood.
Some savage man hath struck her brest
so soft and white, that no wilde beast
durst a toucht asleep, or wake:

So

so sweet, that *Adder*, *Newte*, or *Snake*,
would have laine from arme, to arme,
on her bosome to be warme
all a night, and being hot,
gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her brest;
a man sure is a kind of beast.

Clor. With spotlesse hand, on spotlesse brest
I put these herbs to give thee rest:
which till it heal thee, will abide,
if both be pure, if not, off slide.
See it falls off from the wound,
Shepherdesse thou art not sound,
full of lust.

Satyr. Who would have thought it,
so fair a face!

Clor. Why that hath brought it.

Amo. For ought I know or think, these words, my last:
yet *Pan* so help me as my thoughts are chast.

Clor. And so may *Pan* blesse this my cure,
as all my thoughts are just and pure;
some uncleanesse nigh doth lurke,
that will not let my medcines worke.
Satyre search if thou canst find it.

Satyr. Here away me thinks I wind it,
stronger yet: Oh here they be,
here, here, in a hollow tree,
two fond mortals have I found.

Clor. Bring them out, they are unsound,

Enter Cloe, *and* Daphnis.

Satyr. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
to my *Goddesse* thus I bring ye;
strife is vain, come gently in,
I sented them, they're full of sinne.

Clor. Hold *Satyre*, take this Glasse,
sprinkle over all the place,
purge the Ayre from lustfull breath,
to save this Shepherdesse from death,
and stand you still whilst I doe dresse
her wound, for fear the pain increase.

Satyr. From this glasse I throw a drop
of Christall water on the top
of every grasse, on flowers a pair:
send a fume and keep the ayre
pure and wholsom, sweet and blest,
till this Virgins wound be drest.

Clor. *Satyre*, help to bring her in

Satyr. By *Pan*, I think she hath no sin,
she is so light: lye on these leaves.
Sleep that mortall sense deceives,
crowne thine eyes, and ease thy pain,
mayest thou soone be well again

Clor. *Satyre*, bring the shepherd neere,
trie him if his mind be cleare.

Saty. Shepherd come.

Daph. My thoughts are pure.

Saty. The better triall to endure.

Clo. In this flame his finger thrust,
which will burne him if he lust;
but if not, away will turn,
as loath unspotted flesh to burn.
See it gives back, let him goe
Farewell mortall, keep thee so.

Saty. Stay fair Nymph, flye not so fast,
we must trie if you be chaste:
here's a hand that quakes for fear,
sure she will not prove so clear.

Clor. Hold her finger to the flame,
that will yeeld her praise or shame.

Sat. To her doome she dares not stand,
but pluckes away her tender hand,
and the Taper darting sends
his hot beames at her fingers ends,
O thou art foule within, and hast
a mind, if nothing else, unchaste.

Alex. Is not that *Cloe*? 'tis my love, 'tis she:
Cloe, fair *Cloe*.

Clor. My *Alexis*. *Alex.* Hee.

Cloe. Let me imbrace thee. *Clor.* Take her hence,
lest her sight disturbe his sense.

Alex. Take

Alex. Take not her, take my life first.
Clor. See his wound again is burst:
keep her neere, here in the wood,
till I have stopt these streames of blood.
Soone again he ease shall find,
if I can but still his mind:
this curtain thus I doe display,
to keep the piercing ayre away:

Enter Old Shepherd, *and* Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for ever; 'tis in vain
to find them out with trouble and much pain,
that have a ripe desire, and forward will
to flye the company of all but ill.
What shall be counsail'd now, shall we retire,
or constant follow still that first desire
we had to find them?
Old. Stay a little while;
for, if the Mornings mist doe not beguile
my sight with shadowes, sure I see a swain:
one of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter. Thenot.

Pri. Dost thou not blush young shepherd to be knowne,
thus without care, leaving thy flocks alone,
and following what desire and present blood
shapes out before thy burning sense, for good,
having forgot what tongue hereafter may
tell to the world thy falling off, and say
thou art regardlesse both of good and shame,
spurning at vertue, and a vertuous name,
and like a glorious desperate man that buyes
a poyson of much price, by which he dyes,
dost thou lay out for lust, whose onely gain
is foule disease, with present age and pain,
and then a Grave? These be the fruits that grow
in such hot veines that onely beat to know
where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
through their owne wanton fire, and pride delicious.
The. Right holy sir, I have not knowne this night,

what the ſmooth face of Mirth was, or the ſight
of any looſeneſſe; muſicke, joy and eaſe
have been to me as bitter drugs to pleaſe
a ſtomacke loſt with weakneſſe, not a game
that I am skild at throughly: nor a Dame,
went her tongue ſmoother then the feet of Time,
her beauty ever living like the Rime
our bleſſed *Tytirus* did ſing of yore,
no, were ſhe more entiſing then the ſtore
of fruitfull Summer, when the loaden tree
bids the faint Traveller be bold and free,
t'were but to me like thunder 'gainſt the bay,
whoſe lightning may incloſe, but never ſtay
upon his charmed branches; ſuch am I
againſt the catching flames of womans eye.

Prieſt. Then wherefore haſt thou wandred?

The. T'was a vow
that drew me out laſt night, which I have now
ſtrictly perform'd, and homewards goe to give
freſh paſture to my ſheepe, that they may live.

Pri. 'Tis good to hear ye Shepherd, if the heart
in this well ſounding Muſicke bear his part.
Where have you left the reſt?

The. I have not ſeene,
ſince yeſternight wee met upon this greene
to fould our flocks up, any of that train;
yet have I walkt thoſe woods round, and have lain
all this ſame night under an aged tree,
yet neither wandring Shepherd did I ſee,
or Shepherdeſſe, or drew into mine eare
the ſound of living thing, unleſſe it were
the Nightingale among the thicke leav'd ſpring
that ſits alone in ſorrow, and doth ſing
whole nights away in mourning, or the Owle,
or our great Enemy that ſtill doth howle
againſt the Moones cold beames.

Prieſt. Goe and beware
of after falling.

The. Father 'tis my care. *Exit Thenot.*

Enter

Enter Daphnis.

Old. Here comes another ſtragler, ſure I ſee
a ſhame in this young ſhepherd. *Daphnis!*

Daph. Hee.

Prie. Where haſt thou left the reſt, that ſhould have beene
long before this, grazing upon the greene
their yet impriſon'd flocks?

Daph. Thou holy man,
give me a little breathing till I can
be able to unfold what I have ſeene;
ſuch horrour, that the like hath never beene
knowne to the eare of ſhepherd: oh my heart
labours a double motion to impart
ſo heavie tydings! You all know the Bower
where the chaſte *Clorin* lives, by whoſe great power
ſicke men and cattell have beene often cur'd,
there lovely *Amoret* that was aſſur'd
to luſty *Perigot*, bleeds out her life,
forc'd by ſome Iron hand and fatall knife;
and by her young *Alexis*.

Enter Amarillis *running from her* Sullen Shepherd.

Amaril. If there be
ever a Neighbour-brooke or hollow tree
receive my body, cloſe me up from luſt
that followes at my heeles; be ever juſt,
thou god of ſhepherds, *Pan*, for her dear ſake
that loves the Rivers brinks, and ſtill doth ſhake
In cold remembrance of thy quicke purſuit:
let me be made a reede, and ever mute,
nod to the waters fall, whilſt every blaſt
ſings through my ſlender leaves that I was chaſt.

Prieſt. This is a night of wonder, *Amarill*
be comforted, the holy gods are ſtill
revengers of theſe wrongs.

Amaril. Thou bleſſed man,
honour'd upon theſe plaines, and lov'd of *Pan*,
heare me, and ſave from endleſſe infamie
my yet unblaſted flower, *Virginitie*:
By all the Garlands that have crown'd that head,

by

by thy chaſt office, and the marriage bed
that ſtill is bleſt by thee, by all the rights
due to our God, and by thoſe virgin lights
that burne before his Altar, let me not
fall from my former ſtate to gain the blot
that never ſhall be purged I am not now
that wanton *Amarillis*: here I vow
to heaven, and thee grave father, if I may
ſcape this unhappy night, to know the day,
to live a virgin, never to endure
the tongues, or company of men impure.
I heare him come, ſave me.

Prieſt. Retire a while
behind this buſh, till we have knowne that vile
abuſer of young Maydens.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Stay thy pace,
moſt loved *Amarillis*, let the chaſe
grow calme and milder, flye me not ſo faſt,
I fear the pointed Brambles have unlac'd
thy golden Buskins; turn again and ſee
thy Shepherd follow, that is ſtrong and free,
able to give thee all content and eaſe.
I am not baſhfull, virgin, I can pleaſe
at firſt encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
and give thee many kiſſes, ſoft and warme
as thoſe the Sunne Prints on the ſmiling cheeke
of Plums or mellow Peaches; I am ſleek
and ſmooth as *Neptune*, when ſtern *Eolus*
locks up his ſurly windes, and nimbly thus
can ſhew my Active youth; why doſt thou flye?
remember *Amarillis*, it was I
that kild *Alexis* for thy ſake, and ſet
an everlaſting hate t'wixt *Amoret*
and her beloved *Perigot*; t'was I
that drown'd her in the well, where ſhe muſt lye
till time ſhall leave to be; then turn again,
turn with thy open armes, and clip the ſwain
that hath perform'd all this, turn, turn I ſay:
I muſt not be deluded.

Prieſt.

Priest. Monster stay,
thou that art like a canker to the state
thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
through every honest bosome, forcing still
the veines of any that may serve thy will,
thou that hast offer'd with a sinfull hand
to seize upon this virgin that doth stand
yet trembling here.

Sull. Good holinesse declare,
what had the danger beene, if being bare
I had imbrac'd her, tell me by your Art,
what coming wonders would that sight impart?

Priest. Lust, and a branded soule.

Sull. Yet tell me more,
Hath not our Mother Nature for her store
and great increase, said it is good and just,
and wills that every living creature must
beget his like?

Priest. Ye are better read then I,
I must confesse, in blood and Lechery.
Now to the Bower, and bring this beast along,
where he may suffer Pennance for his wrong. *Exeunt*

Enter Perigot *with his hand bloody.*

Per. Here will I wash it in this mornings dew,
which she on every little grasse doth strew
in silver drops against the Sunnes appeare:
'tis holy water, and will make me clear.
My hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged love,
if thy chast spirit in the Ayre yet move,
looke mildly downe on him that yet doth stand
all full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand,
and though I strucke thee undeservedly,
let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
make lesse a fault which I intended not,
and let these dew drops wash away my spot.
It will not cleanse. O to what sacred flood
shall I resort to wash away this blood?
Amidst these Trees the holy *Clorin* dwels
in a low Cabin of cut boughs, and heales

all

All wounds; to her I will my selfe addresse,
And my rash faults repentantly confesse;
Parhaps shee'll find a meanes by Art or Prayer,
To make my hand with chaste blood stained, fair:
That done, not far hence underneath some tree,
Ile have a little Cabbin built, since shee
whom I ador'd is dead, there will I give
my selfe to strictnesse, and like *Clorin* liye. *Exit.*

The Curtain is drawn, Clorin *appeares sitting in the cabin,* Amoret *sitting on the one side of her,* Alexis *and* Cloe *on the other, the* Satyre *standing by.*

Clor. Shepherd, once more your blood is stayd,
take example by this Mayd,
who is heal'd ere you be pure,
so hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed then how you turn your eye
on each other lustfully:
and Shepherdesse take heed lest you
move his willing eye thereto;
let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
of yours his weaker sense beguile.
Is your love yet true and chast,
and for ever so to last?

Alex. I have forgot all vain desires,
all looser thoughts, ill tempred fires.
True love I find a pleasant fume,
whose moderate heat can nere consume.

Cloe. And I a new fire feele in me,
whose chast flame is not quencht to be.

Clor. Joyne your hands with modest touch,
and for ever keepe you such.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Yon is her cabin, thus farre off Ile stand,
and call her forth: for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so neere yon sacred place.
Clorin come forth, and doe a timely grace
to a poore Swain.

Clor. What art thou that dost call?

Clorin

Clorin is ready to doe good to all:
come neere.

Peri. I dare not.

Clor. Satyre, see
who it is that calls on me.

Saty. There at hand some Swaine doth stand,
stretching out a bloudie hand.

Peri. Come *Clorin*, bring thy holy waters clear,
to wash my hand.

Clor. What wonders have been here
to night! stretch forth thy hand young swain,
wash and rubbe it whilst I rain
holy water.

Peri. Still you powre,
but my hand will never scowre.

Clor. Satyr, bring him to the Bower,
we will trie the soveraigne power
of other waters.

Saty. Mortall, sure
'tis the blood of Mayden pure
that staines thee so.

The Satyr *leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth* Amoret, *and kneeling downe, she knoweth him.*

Peri Whate're thou be,
beest thou her spright, or some divinitie,
that in her shape thinkes good to walke this grove,
pardon poore *Perigot*.

Amor. I am thy love,
thy *Amoret*, for evermore thy love:
strike once more on my naked brest, Ile prove
as constant still. O couldst thou love me yet;
how soone should I my former griefes forget!

Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
doth seize me; hast thou still power to forgive?

Am. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live,
more welcome now then hadst thou never gone
astray from me.

Peri. And when thou lov'st alone

and not I, death, or ſome lingring pain
that's worſe, light on me.
Clor. Now your ſtain
this perhaps will cleanſe again;
ſee the blood that earſt did ſtay,
with the water drops away.
All the Powers again are pleas'd,
and with this new knot are appeas'd.
Joyne your hands, and riſe together,
Pan be bleſt that brought you hither.

Enter Prieſt, *and* Old Shepherd.

Clorin. Goe backe again what ere thou art, unleſſe
ſmooth Mayden thoughts poſſeſſe thee, doe not preſſe
this hallowed ground. Goe *Satyre*, take his hand,
and give him preſent triall.
Satyr. Mortall ſtand,
till by fire I have made knowne
whether thou be ſuch a one,
that mayſt freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up; never was
more untainted fleſh than this,
Faireſt, he is full of bliſſe.
Clor. Then boldly ſpeak, why doſt thou ſeeke this place?
Prieſt. Firſt, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy face
where all good dwells that is: Next for to try
the truth of late report was given to me:
thoſe Shepherds that have met with foule miſchance,
through much neglect, and more ill governance,
whether the wounds they have may yet endure
the open ayre, or ſtay a longer cure.
And laſtly, what the doome may be ſhall light
upon thoſe guilty wretches, through whoſe ſpight
all this confuſion fell: For to this place,
thou holy Mayden, have I brought the race
of theſe offenders, who have freely told,
both why, and by what meanes they gave this bold
attempt upon their lives.
Clorin. Fume all the ground,
and ſprinkle holy water, for unſound

and

and foule infection gins to fill the Ayr:
it gathers yet more ſtrongly; take a pair
of Cenſors fild with Frankinſence and Mirrh,
together with cold Camphyre: quickly ſtirre
thee, gentle *Satyre*, for the place begins
to ſweat and labour with the abhorred ſins
of thoſe offenders; let them not come nigh,
for full of itching flame and leproſie,
their very ſoules are, that the ground goes backe,
and ſhrinks to feele the ſullen weight of black
and ſo unhear d-of venome; hye thee faſt
thou holy man, and baniſh from the chaſt
theſe manlike monſters, let them never more
be knowne upon theſe downes, but long before
the next Sunnes riſing, put them from the ſight
and memory of every honeſt wight.
Be quicke in expedition, leſt the ſores
of theſe weake patients break into new gores. *Ex. Prieſt.*

Per. My dear, dear *Amoret*, how happy are
thoſe bleſſed paires, in whom a little jarre
hath bred an everlaſting love, too ſtrong
for time, or ſteele, or envy to doe wrong?
How doe you feele your hurts? Alaſſe poore heart,
how much I was abus'd; give me the ſmart
for it is juſtly mine.

Amo. I doe believe.
It is enough deare friend, leave off to grieve,
and let us once more in deſpight of ill
give hands and hearts again.

Per. With better will
then e're I went to find in hotteſt day
coole Chriſtall of the fountain, to allay
my eager thirſt: may this band never break.
Hear us O heaven.

Amo. Be conſtant.

Per. Elſe *Pan* wreak,
with double vengeance, my diſloyalty;
let me not dare to know the company
of men, or any more behold thoſe eyes.

Amo. Thus Shepherd with a kiſſe all envy dyes,

Enter Priest.

Priest. Bright Mayd, I have perform'd your will, the swain
in whom such heat and blacke rebellions raigne
hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:
onely the Mayd I have reserv'd, whose face
shewes much amendment, many a tear doth fall
in sorrow of her fault, great Fair recall
your heavie doome, in hope of better dayes,
which I dare promise; once again upraise
her heavie Spirit that neere drowned lyes
in selfe consuming care that never dyes

Clor. I am content to pardon, call her in;
the Ayre growes coole again, and doth begin
to purge it selfe. how bright the day doth show,
after this stormie cloud? goe *Satyre*, goe,
and with this taper boldly try her hand,
if she be pure and good, and firmely stand
to be so still, we have perform'd a worke
worthy the gods themselves. Satyre *brings* Amarillis *in.*

Satyr. Come forward Mayden, doe not lurke
nor hide your face with griefe and shame,
now or never get a name
that may raise thee, and recure
all thy life that was impure:
hold your hand unto the flame;
if thou beest a perfect dame,
or hast truely vow'd to mend,
this pale fire will be thy friend.
See the taper hurts her not.
Goe thy wayes, let never spot
henceforth seize upon thy blood.
Thanke the gods and still be good.

Clor. Young Shepherdesse, now ye are brought again
to virgin state, be so, and so remaine
to thy last day, unlesse the faithfull love
of some good Shepherd force thee to remove;
then labour to be true to him, and live
as such a one, that ever strives to give
a blessed memory to after Time.

Be-

be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now holy man, I offer up again
these patients full of health, and free from pain:
keep them from after ills, be ever neere
unto their actions, teach them how to cleer
the tedious way they passe through, from suspect,
keep them from wrongring others, or neglect
of duty in themselves, correct the blood
with thriftie bits and labour, let the floud,
or the next neighbouring spring give remedy
to greedy thirst, and travell not the tree
that hangs with wanton clusters, let not wine,
unlesse in sacrifice, or rights divine,
be ever knowne of Shepherds, have a care
thou man of holy life. Now doe not spare
their faults through much remissnesse, nor forget
to cherish him, whose many paines and swet
hath giv'n increase, and added to the downes.
Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy clownes
that feed their heifers in the budded Broomes:
teach the young maydens strictnesse, that the groomes
may ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
banish all complements, but single truth
from every tongue, and every Shepherds heart,
let them still use perswading, but no Art:
thus holy *Priest*, I wish to thee and these,
all the best goods and comforts that may please.

Alex. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
we pray upon this Bower may ever live.

Prie. Kneele every Shepherd, whilst with powerfull hand
I blesse your after labours, and the Land
you feed your flocks upon. Great *Pan* defend you
from misfortune, and amend you,
keep you from those dangers still,
that are followed by your will,
give ye meanes to know at length
all your riches, all your strength,
cannot keep your foot from falling
to lewd lust, that still is calling
at your cottage, till his power

bring again that golden houre
of peace and rest to every soule.
May his care of you controule
all diseases, sores or pain
that in after time may raigne,
either in your flocks or you,
give ye all affections new,
new desires, and tempers new,
that ye may be ever true.
Now rise and goe, and as ye passe away
sing to the god of sheepe, that happy lay,
that honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*; he
that was the soule and god of melody.

The Song *they all sing*

All ye woods, and trees and bowers,
All ye vertues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or Brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd; Daffadillies,
Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd ever young,
Thus great Pan *is ever sung.* Exeunt.

Saty. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
thou most powerfull Mayd, and whitest,
thou most vertuous and most blessed,
eyes of starres, and golden tressed

like

like *Apollo*, tell me sweeteſt
what new ſervice now is meeteſt
for the *Satyre*? ſhall I ſtray
in the middle ayre, and ſtay
the ſayling Racke, or nimbly take
hold by the Moone, and gently make
ſute to the pale Queene of night
for a beame to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the Sea,
and bring thee corrall, making way
through the riſing waves that fall
in ſnowie fleeces? deereſt, ſhall
I catch the wanton Fawnes, or flyes,
whoſe woven wings the Summer dyes
of many colours? get thee fruit?
Or ſteale from heaven old *Orpheus* Lute?
All theſe Ile venter for, and more,
to doe her ſervice all theſe woods adore.

Clor. No other ſervice, *Satyre*, but thy watch
about theſe thickets, leſt harmeleſſe people catch
miſchiefe or ſad miſchance.

Satyr. Holy virgin, I will dance
round about theſe woods as quick
as the breaking light, and prick
downe the lawnes, and downe the vales
faſter then the Windmill ſailes.
ſo I take my leave, and pray
all the comforts of the day,
ſuch as *Phœbus* heat doth ſend
on the earth, may ſtill befriend
thee, and this arbour.

Clor. And to thee,
all thy Maſters love be free.

Exeunt.

FINIS.